

The TATLER and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLX. No. 2083

London
May 28, 1941



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
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Vol. CLX. No. 2083

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Marcus Adams

The Princesses and their Corgi

Whether or not it was their Corgi's comically soulful expression that made them laugh, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose have seldom had a more gay and charming photograph taken of them than this new one. Princess Elizabeth has lately given her name, with the Queen's permission, to two flag days for children's charities. The first of these took place a week or two ago, when yellow carnations were sold in London in aid of six institutions devoted to the welfare of children



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Battle of the Islands

GERMANY's attack on Crete which opened last week had been anticipated. From the moment when King George of the Hellenes and his Government were transported to the island, followed a little later by some of the Imperial and Greek forces evacuated from the mainland, it was recognised that Germany must try to gain possession of Crete, lying as it does athwart the sea line of approach to Syria and the line of air attack on the Suez canal. So long as British fighters could operate from the Crete airfields they could seriously hamper offensive operations by the German bomber force and, presumably, were well placed to intercept air troop carriers proceeding to Irak. This was no less apparent to the enemy than to our own high command.

At an earlier stage in the Battle for the Balkans many people in London wondered why Allied Forces had not seized the Italian Dodecanese islands and had allowed the enemy to occupy various Greek islands off the Turkish coast. In point of fact a British operation of this kind was apparently contemplated some months ago but was abandoned for reasons which were not disclosed. It is probable that too many other demands were being made on the Mediterranean fleet and it may well be that the special craft required to make effective landings from the sea could not, at that time, be assembled in sufficient numbers.

But there is another consideration which probably outweighed all others. I have in mind the revolutionary changes in war strategy imposed by the growth and employment of air power.

Planes and Strategy

SIR ANDREW CUNNINGHAM, Sir Archibald Wavell and Sir Arthur Longmore, our three commanders-in-chief in the Middle East, have

shown themselves to be a first-class team, most up to date in their conceptions of how the three arms of the service can help one another. To them it must have been obvious that sea and land power alone are insufficient for holding island positions. Fighter aircraft must be based on the spot to ward off the enemy bomber and air troop carrier. To hold a large number of isolated and scattered island bases and, even if aerodromes were available, to disperse among them small units of the total available Fighter Force, would appear to be bad strategy.

Each of such little forces would have to be supplied by sea with stocks of special petrol, ammunition and spares. Ground forces, which are as vital to air power as the fighting men and planes themselves, would have to be established likewise in each of those islands. I fancy, therefore, that decisions calmly taken weeks in advance determined our island policy for the Eastern Mediterranean, enabled us to view with equanimity the German occupation of many small Greek islands and guided us to concentrate our defensive air effort on a single large island like Crete—incidentally even more important than British Cyprus, 350 miles farther to the east.

From the battle for Crete many lessons must have been learned of considerable value in perfecting plans for the defence of our own island kingdom. We know with even greater precision the extent to which a large airborne force can create internal disorder and dispersal of military land effort while more concentrated efforts to establish a bridgehead on the coast are proceeding.

Looking Back

LAST week produced public confirmation of one or two notes which have appeared in this column during recent months. When I

wrote some time ago about Icelandic affairs and the fact that there was a growing political movement to regain national independence from the Crown of Denmark I received quite a number of letters from people who were interested or intrigued by these possibilities. Now the Icelanders have taken their decision and are going to modify their constitution accordingly. I believe that Britain would have been happy to see them leaving these questions for solution at a later date. There will, after all, be many such changes to be arranged or endorsed after the war. But we can have no objection to these island people, of long history closely linked in the earliest days with Norway, choosing to assert their full independence from any German-occupied land.

Also last week General Sikorski arrived back from his most useful trip to the United States. The Polish Premier and C-in-C. fully confirmed the view I advanced that the Polish population of America is doing a grand job for the Allied cause, both in the formation of public opinion and in the factories which are turning out the vital machinery of war. Incidentally, he has high hopes that a very large fighting force will be created, trained and equipped across the border in Canada. President Roosevelt has agreed that the equipment for this new Polish army can be supplied by the United States under the Lend-Lease Act. This will relieve the British Treasury of a problem which was causing it no little anxiety a few weeks ago.

A Controversy Revived

IT was rather surprising to hear last week that the transformation of Lord Beaverbrook from Minister of Aircraft Production to "Minister of State" with special responsibility for Priorities, had coincided with a revived discussion in Ministerial circles of the need for creating a separate Army Air Arm. This is a subject which has been thrashed out on a number of occasions both before and since the outbreak of war, and each time it has been settled in favour of concentrating our air power in the hands of the Air Staff.

Inquiries do not suggest that the army is in any way responsible for re-opening the subject. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that the soldiers are well satisfied with the arrangements for co-operation between the two forces which have now been created, and find an



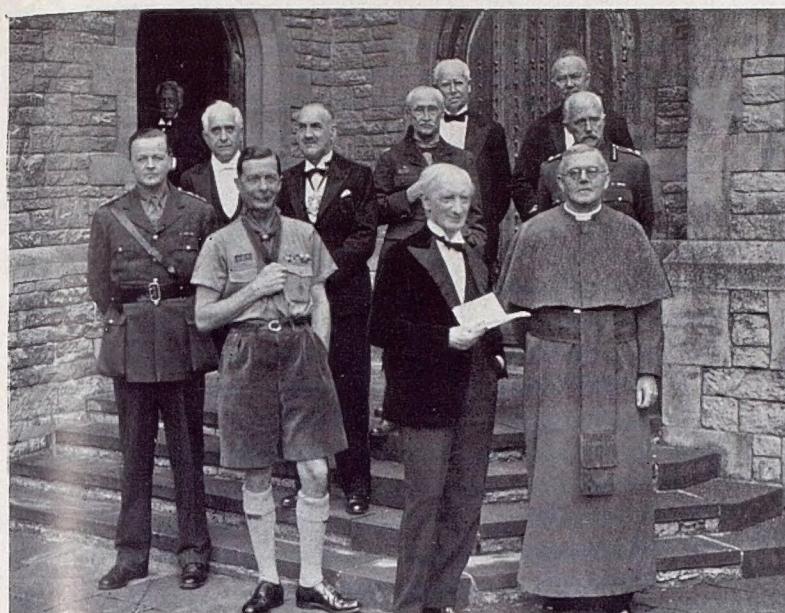
The Emperor of Abyssinia and Two British Officers

This picture of Haile Selassie inside Dambacha Fort after its capture by British and Sudanese troops was released last week. With the Emperor are the British Brigadier and the G.S.O. It is just over three weeks since the Emperor re-entered the capital of his country on the fifth anniversary of the Italians' entry into Addis Ababa



A Propaganda Bomb in London's War Weapons Week

Lady Jenks helped her husband, Sir Maurice Jenks, to fix a small "Get Your Own Back" bomb on a City of London car before it set out on its propaganda tour. Sir Maurice Jenks, a former Lord Mayor, is chairman of the City of London committee, so has been a busy man for the last week, during which London aimed to raise £100,000,000 towards winning the war



An After-Dinner Picture from Oxford

Lord Somers, the Chief Scout, went to Oxford for a big Scout meeting, and during the weekend a dinner was given in his honour. In this after-dinner group are (in front) the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Somers, Sir William Beveridge, Master of University College, and the Bishop of Oxford; (centre row) Dr. W. G. S. Adams, Warden of All Souls, Councillor C. Bellamy, Mayor of Oxford, Col. Swynsen Jervis, County Commissioner, Oxford Boy Scouts Association, and Lord Bicester, Lord Lieutenant of Oxford; (back) Dr. R. R. Maret, Rector of Exeter College, Mr. A. D. Lindsay, Master of Balliol

Excellent air chief for this purpose in Air Marshal Barratt. At a time when the prospect of landing an expeditionary force on the European continent has become more rather than less remote it would obviously be folly to use up a large part of our air potential and manufacturing output on an air arm earmarked for service with the army in the field and nowhere else.

It appears that the origin of this newly wived controversy is to be found in Ministerial rather than in Service quarters and it is hard to escape the conclusion that somebody aspires to dictate our strategy by exercising control over the output of our factories. For example, it is obvious that the date when our Bomber force will be able to strike deeply into the heart of Germany must be indefinitely postponed if we are now to divert a large part of our factory output to building special types of aircraft for army co-operation.

Powerful Peter Portal

VENTURE to predict that this latest political manœuvre will be defeated through the powerful personality of Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff. "Peter" Portal's strength lies in the fact that he has his policy in one pocket and his resignation in the other. He is, without question, the most dominating figure in the three Fighting Services today. And he had been C. in C. Bomber Command before he became C.A.S. He is, I am satisfied, firmly convinced that the best and quickest policy for defeating Germany is to carry the battle into the enemy camp and, like most of us, he can see only one way of doing so, namely, by building up an air striking force capable of doing the job.

Thanks to our earlier concentration on fighter aircraft we now have so formidable a defence that the enemy seldom ventures over our coast in daylight and is suffering ever-growing casualties in his night attacks. It was necessary that we should make sure of our defence before we passed to a concentration of our efforts on the forces of attack. That time has now come and the United States, through the able staff officers they have sent on missions to Britain, has agreed to support the policy. Not so long ago Britain and

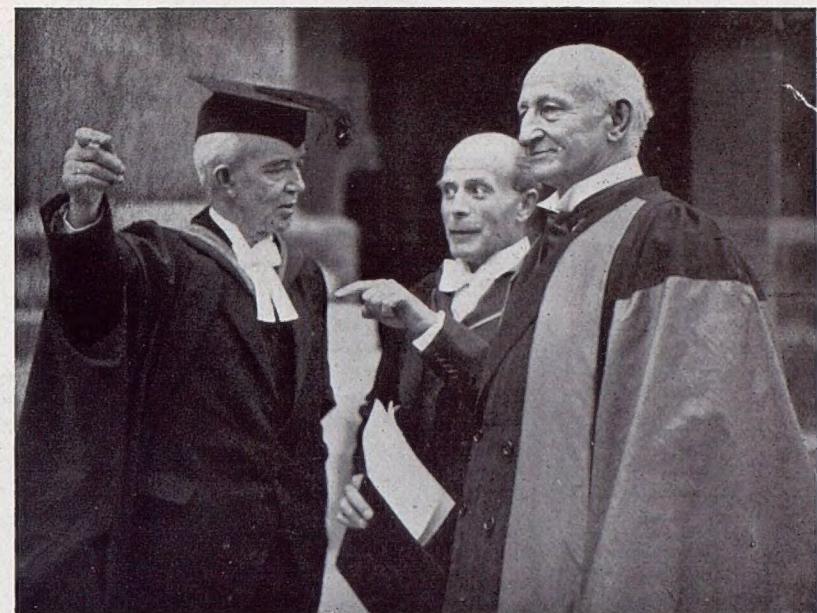
America agreed on a programme of heavy bomber construction which runs into many thousands—obviously it is better not to state publicly just how many. The policy was one framed by Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Air Minister, on the recommendations of Sir Charles Portal.

Foreign Office Changes

So far there has been no announcement of the extensive changes and reshuffles in the Diplomatic Service which have been anticipated. The retirement from the service of Sir Robert Vansittart announced last week is not part of the "new order." Having attained the age of sixty Sir Robert elected to end his career as a servant of the Government and in due course will take his seat in the House of Lords, whence he will be able freely to express the views which he holds so strongly. It was during Mr. Eden's first tenure of office that Sir Robert was relieved of the administrative duties associated with the functions of Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and became "Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Foreign Secretary." The post was specially created and will undoubtedly lapse with the retirement of its first holder.

Sir Robert did more than perhaps any other single man to impress on pre-war governments the imminence of war with Germany, the strength of the war machine being built up by the Nazis and the completely unscrupulous methods of Hitler and his gang. For his pains he got few thanks in those days. To be popular in the Civil Service it was essential that one should close one's eyes to all unpleasant prospects and think only in terms of peace and goodwill among men. As the cataclysm drew nearer Sir Robert became increasingly forceful in his opposition to this school of thought. Nor did he hesitate to go outside the normal functions of his professional position in order to expound to leaders of popular opinion the falsity of the doctrines being preached by the political leaders of the day.

His addresses delivered to the Imperial Staff College or to meetings of Parliamentarians, exposing with ruthless logic the inevitable trend of events, have been recognised



Lord Hailey Receives an Hon. D.C.L. at his Old University

The honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on Lord Hailey at Oxford before he delivered the Romanes Lecture recently. He is on the right here, and with him are Dr. G. S. Gordon, Vice-Chancellor of the University, and Mr. J. Barrington-Ward, Deputy Public Orator. Lord Hailey, whose life has been devoted to Empire affairs in India and Africa, took "the position of colonies in a British Commonwealth of Nations" as subject for the Lecture. He went up to Corpus as a Scholar from the Merchant Taylors' School

as masterly. In recent years his arguments have perhaps lost something of their force from the extreme violence of the language in which they were expressed. Released from the ban which ties the tongue of the Civil Servant we shall, I have no doubt, hear more of this bitter, vigorous language when Sir Robert takes his seat in the Upper House.

Intelligence and Censorship

IN the near future we are likely to hear more on the desirability of establishing closer official control over publication in any allied country of information which might be of use to the enemy. Last week Britain was surprised to learn that a minister in the Canadian Government, appealing for volunteers to work radio sets, had explained in broad outline certain features of a new system whereby the British Isles hoped to deal still more effectively with German air attacks. Later they were still more surprised to learn that this statement had been broadcast to the world from Canada six weeks earlier and had been published in the Press of half the transatlantic world. When the announcement eventually reached London, by surface mail, it was released by the censor because there no longer remained any point in suppressing it. But the question necessarily arose whether there should not be some common policy, binding on all the Dominions and, if possible on the United States also—since they now share all our most cherished secrets—to ensure that nothing which can be of value to the enemy should leak out or be announced by any one, no matter how highly placed.

It is known that President Roosevelt has already discussed with American editors the desirability of following the British example and accepting a self-imposed restraint on publication of such matters. With so large and scattered a Press the problem for the United States Administration will be a difficult one. The easiest method will be for the responsible people in America who have British war secrets in their possession to resist the temptation to make use of them for any public purpose—even though that purpose may seem at first glance to serve the Allied cause—lest unwittingly they do service to the enemy.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Which Eve?

BE sure of this, reader, that when the cinema says Eve it means the Eve not of Mr. Shaw but of Mr. Shakespeare. "Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey."

HAVE you forgotten, dear lady reading me now with your head in a contraption halfway between candelabrum and dustbin, how Mr. Shakespeare's Rosalind finishes her speech? "I will weep for nothing," she says, "and that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art inclined to sleep." Now Rosalind is always supposed to be Mr. Shakespeare's most enchanting heroine. But not by me. I hate the silly girl, imagining that her pranks and pranks are sun and moon, and that by her capering the earth turns round.

Mr. Shaw's Eve was of another mould. Do you remember in *Back To Methuselah* the colloquy between the first mother and the Serpent? Eve is about to hear the secret of creation, and as the Serpent begins to whisper to her "Eve's face lights up with intense interest, which increases until an expression of

overwhelming repugnance takes its place. She buries her face in her hands." She has realised that it is her job, through the pains of labour, to give meaning to this world and perhaps the stars as well.

Now which view of the matter do you, dear lady, imagine is favoured by whoever put together the film called *The Lady Eve*? But to ask the question is to answer it. How often have not you and I seen this picture before? The bull-calf who, on a luxury liner, is tripped up by, and literally falls for, a card-sharpening siren who in turn falls for her victim. I remember another version of this film in which the young man threw the young woman overboard, saying, like the Queen in *Hamlet*: "Shark to the sharks, farewell!" But is it conceivable that Orlando Fonda heaves Rosalind Stanwyck over the taffrail? I wish it were!

AT this point I think it only fair to the reader to say that I have not seen *The Lady Eve*, and that nothing would induce me to see it. At the same time, I am perfectly well aware that to one hundred per cent of my readers this film will be one hundred per cent alluring. And why should it not be, since it presents the female's capture of the male as a personal triumph, which, of course, was Mr. Shakespeare's view. Is there any

suggestion about Rosalind that one day she will have to contribute a mewling, puking infant to the Forest of Arden's population of snakes, lions, philosophers and fools? No. Is there any hint about Mr. Shaw's Eve that, once the secret has been revealed to her, she exists for any other purpose except child-bearing? No. On the other hand I have always held that the worst Shakespeare is better film-fodder than the best Shaw. No woman likes to be told that the object of her attractiveness is not the satisfaction of her vanity but the maintenance of the birth-rate.

I RECOMMEND *The Lady Eve* which, I repeat, I have not seen, entirely by intuition backed by other people's opinions. Forty thousand film-critics can't be wrong, and I seem to have read more than forty thousand encomiums on Barbara's "cat-like smile and dizzy eyes swimming in iniquity." Also how this film is "a tearing success with a special charm for connoisseurs yet so infectious that it should engage the toughest audience." And how "even the ranks of the weeklies could scarce forbear to laugh." And then, too, all that praise for Preston Sturges, hailed everywhere as a second Lubitsch.

Yes, readers, you must not miss this film, which I realise is a masterpiece of Lubitschery in every sense of the word. It may be that in the course of the next few days I shall pop in to the Plaza to see if my suspicions about this film are confirmed. If they are not, I can always revise my opinions in proof.

A FILM that I went out of my way to see was *Play Girl* at the New Gallery. This for the reason that the star was Kay Francis, whom I have always regarded as a very considerable actress. I suppose Kay is getting on and that twelve Hollywood summers are the equivalent of forty Warwickshire winters, and we know what Mr. Shakespeare thought of their effect on feminine charm. "When forty winters shall besiege that brow, And dig deep trenches in that beauty's field," was true in the days of the first Mary Arden, not the second.

Yes, Kay is no longer a chicken and shows it. But she can still act, and when it comes to wearing clothes makes the rest of Hollywood look like a lot of mannequins togged up for Coney Island. I liked this film, too, because it deals with the same subject as *The Lady Eve*. With this difference, that while that film regards the Stanwyck's victim as a lucky man, the other implies that whoever wins Kay for keeps would do better to cut her throat and his.

WHY are the second films accompanying first-rate pictures such horrors, and such interminable horrors? There was one at the New Gallery all about a plain little chit with a voice. I told my friend to wake me up in half an hour. He did. The plain chit was still at it. I dozed for another half-hour, and at the second nudge there she still was, plainer than ever and yodelling half of a Mozart duet, in *Italian*, with the leading tenor from the Chicago Opera House. Which was pretty good seeing she was the daughter of a small-town grocer. How long she Deanna-Durbinated altogether I don't know. But it seemed like three hours.

DURING my wakeful periods I heard, however, one of the best of recent wise-cracks. On being told she was too young for marriage the chit said: "Say, when Juliet was my age she'd been dead four years!"

P.S.—I looked in at the Plaza. Nothing to revise.



"The Lady Eve"

"The bull-calf who, on a luxury liner, is tripped up by, and literally falls for, a card-sharpening siren who in turn falls for her victim;" so Mr. Agate summarises the story of "The Lady Eve" in his article this week. Barbara Stanwyck (with the apple here) is the siren, Henry Fonda (also to be seen in another new film, "Chad Hanna") is the bull-calf. Preston Sturges, "a second Lubitsch," directed, and the film went to the Plaza ten days ago

“Kipps”

Four Scenes from the Film of the Book



Diana Calderwood and Philip Frost play Ann Pornick and Kipps as children. They plighted a youthful troth among the nets and ropes of Folkestone's fishing quarter

Kipps has been kept well before the public eye since Twentieth Century began to make their screen version of H. G. Wells's 1905 novel last September. Two weeks ago the film had its world premiere at Folkestone, the town Wells chose as setting for his story, and on Sunday it came to London, to the Gaumont, Haymarket. Edward Black produced and Carol Reed, who made *Night Train To Munich*, directed



Shop-assistant Arthur Kipps made his first contact with a higher class than his own when he was taught wood-carving by a lovely young lady called Helen Walsingham. Later on he comes into money and gets engaged to her. Michael Redgrave and Diana Wynyard play these parts



A fascinating reconstruction of prosperous middle-class life in Edwardian days is built up round Helen Walsingham and her mother in the film, and Cecil Beaton's clothes are part of the period picture. Helen Hay plays Mrs. Walsingham; in the stage version of 1912 she played the part now taken on the screen by Diana Wynyard



Kipps's engagement to Helen was not a success, and after he gives up the struggle to play a part in life for which his “simple soul” was never designed, he goes back to Ann Pornick, daughter of a shopkeeper, and the sweetheart of his youth, and marries her very happily. Phyllis Calvert is Ann

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sadler's Wells Ballet (New Theatre)

IN these barbaric days (or are there still people who maintain that the world progresses?), a little culture is a great consolation. If humanity must fight for its life when the guns get going, so, no less tenaciously, must art. And in a country that regards it as a wanton waste of money to spend one governmental penny on the theatre in time of peace, but blithely hands over the major control of the entertainment industry, with national funds, to the brasshats and brassheads of Ensa in time of war, what a mercy it is to find Shakespeare functioning anywhere, and the Ballet still alive and vivaciously kicking. What shall it profit a man if he lose his own soul in the process of preventing somebody else from gaining the whole world?

I am of the diminishing school of thought which holds that, of two alternatives, it would be better to be beaten and keep your ideals than to lose your ideals and win, for the loss of ideals is the final and irredeemable defeat. . . . Anyway, the Sadler's Wells Ballet is back at the New and I'm glad of it, even if it can show nothing to compare, in cheap-jack superficial patriotic appeal, with *England's Heritage* in *Shepherd's Pie*, or with the mushroom songs about London which must be making Plymouth and Liverpool tremble lest they should be the next victims of the ballad-monger's blitz.

OF the three ballets revived on the opening evening at the New, two were of rare quality. *Fête Polonaise* (the exception) does

not amount to very much, being just a sequence of divertissements such as have been immorally presented by all ballet companies, sometimes not so well, at other times better. But *The Wise Virgins*, lamentably accorded a tepid Press on its first production, and scorned by the superior young on the ground that it had no guts, gains steadily, as it should, in popularity. It is, indeed, a remarkable composition, soaring into the ecstatic empyrean and achieving a supernal lightness and strength never, so far as I recollect, achieved in ballet before.

And here Margot Fonteyn, the mournful Margot, Margot the sorrowing and stricken, Margot the dreamer of dreams, the dream that is dreamt, the victim, the sacrifice, the drooping beauty, the lonely lily in the moonlight—here Margot, who stands in the very front rank of dancers, is at her very loveliest. She brings to the history of ballet a quality of her own. I have been searching all the morning for a certain Elizabethan lyric that conveys her essence, but since I cannot lay my hands on it, let me offer her Fletcher's:

Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say I died true;
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

The Wise Virgins shows her at her pale ethereal best. That she was not created for

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



An impression of Margot Fonteyn as the Bride in "The Wise Virgins"

comedy appears in *The Wedding Bouquet*, where her weight of woe is a little, but not completely, out of key.

BUT see Robert Helpmann in *The Wedding Bouquet* and you will see what comedy can be. This harassed little provincial dude of his is perfection. I have no hesitation in saying that Charlie Chaplin has done nothing better. And if I were Hollywood (which, thank heaven, I am not), and these were normal times (which, would to heaven, they were), I would offer Mr. Helpmann fifty thousand pounds to make a picture and knock all the comedians on the screen clean off it. I would name Robert Helpmann and Peter Ustinov as the two most potential young men on our stage today. Neither of them ought to be permitted to go into the army. They are too valuable in their own walk of life, which happens to be a safe one. Have the authorities yet seriously considered these questions: (1) Is the theatre of any importance? (2) If so, of what importance is it? and (3) Having answered question No. 2, how reasonably to proceed? Should Shakespeare, if he were alive today, be put in a tank? Should he be excused from this provided that he devotes all his energies to writing propaganda? Or would the interests of this country in particular and of humanity in general best be served by letting him write the next play he was going to write, on the chance that it will be another *Hamlet* and not another *All's Well*? It is, you know, quite possible that they might, even though he wouldn't be satisfying leaders-writers by risking his neck.



"Fête Polonaise": an ensemble sketch of Ninette de Valois' revived ballet in which Pamela May and Michael Somes danced the solo roles on the opening night of the season

Dressing a New Ballet

Vic-Wells Dancers at a Fitting in Mathilda Etches' Studio :
The Ballet is "Orpheus and Eurydice"



Amour's dress is tucked up into Margot Fonteyn's trunks, first at one length and then at another, while the dancer moves about in various positions from the ballet, and the dressmaker watches every fold and line of the material. The designer's sketch stands against the chair

The designer of the dresses and decor, Sophie Fedorovitch, glances up from her evening paper to watch Palma Nye turning and twisting in front of a mirror so that any faults in her dress—then at the pinned-together stage—will be revealed



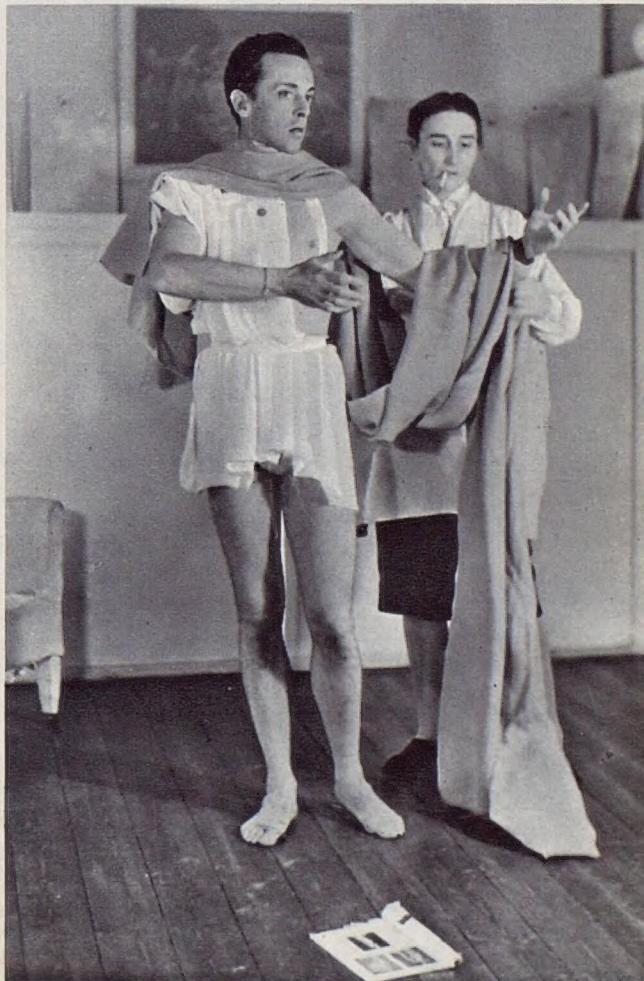
Eurydice also moves about in her draperies, which at this moment included a long train of material subsequently removed. Pamela May takes this part; she and Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann are the chief dancers in the new de Valois ballet

Photographs
by Anthony

Orpheus and Eurydice, Ninette de Valois's new two-act ballet, to the music of Gluck's opera, is being presented to-night (28th) for the first time by the Vic-Wells Company at the New Theatre, where a five-week season began last week. Dresses and decor are by Sophie Fedorovitch, one of the best-known ballet artists in London, whose work for the Wells includes *Horoscope*, *Nocturne* and *Dante Sonata*. These pictures were taken during a fitting of the dresses at the studio of Mathilda Etches. She has dressed innumerable ballets for the Wells, and dancers from all over the world have stood and posed and pirouetted in her studio



"Yes, Miss de Valois, Mr. Helpmann has just arrived—I'm afraid he's a little late, even for him, as his appointment was for yesterday. . . ." Artists have never been businesslike or punctual, and the maker of theatrical costumes knows it as well as anyone. Mathilda Etches—Sadie to her friends and clients—has learnt calmness from long experience; she is a brilliantly clever executant of stage designs and one of the best makers of ballet dresses in London



Orpheus turns himself into a statue while Mrs. Etches arranges his toga and decides that there is too much material in it. On the floor at Robert Helpmann's feet is a book of photographs of famous toga-ed statues

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Sunday Afternoon

THE Officers' Sunday Club, of which the Dowager Lady Townshend is chairman, is going more strongly than ever, and eight or nine hundred people tea and dance there every Sunday. Any officer in uniform can get in simply by paying at the door, and he can either take his own partner, or be beautifully looked after by the charming hostesses, who have smart red-white-and-blue bows pinned on to distinguish them.

Last Sunday there was a special treat, in the form of a guest band—a Canadian regimental one, the Royal Thirteeners. Its leader had a great big wheedling voice, which he used, via the microphone, to urge everyone to enjoy themselves. "Dance!" he pleaded. "Everybody dance!" He was very enthusiastic, too, about his own favourite tunes, headed by a red-hot version of "Tiger Rag," to which, alas! the assembly responded with the usual English walk, instead of the frenzied jumping about to which it was entitled.

Cabaret and Guests

THERE was a cabaret, beginning with Miss McGurk, who "Gave Her Heart" very prettily in a clear, high voice; and who was followed by Hill Billies, who may or may not have been the band disguised in false beards, false bowlers and false pipes—there was even some false smoke trailing from one of the pipes.

Among the hostesses on duty were Mrs. Thursby-Pelham and Miss Thursby-Pelham, Lady Goold-Adams, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, and Mrs. Brittain. There were lots of nice Canadians, some in kilts and gay red-and-black ties, and officers of many nationalities.



Mr. Martin de Hosszu

An English one, passing through London on his way to one of the courses the Army indulge in, was Mr. Esmond Fairweather. Lady Monkswell was among the large crowd dancing, also Miss Erica Greer.

Greek Concert

THE Greek concert was a successful "in-aid-of" affair, with seven-and-sixpenny tickets, and programmes for as much as you liked to give, always a test of social savoir faire, and an astute way of panicking large sums out of people.

Greek diplomacy attended, and among distinguished Belgian diplomats were M. Marcel Henri Jaspar, Belgian Chargé



Lady Diana Gibb

Lady Diana Gibb, who is engaged to Mr. Martin de Hosszu, is the youngest of the Earl of Lovelace's three sisters. She obtained a divorce from her first husband, Mr. Alistair Gibb, last year. Mr. Hosszu is a well-known painter, who first came to England six years ago. He has a picture, "The Refugee," in this year's Academy. He is also interested in archaeology, and has contributed articles to the Geographical Magazine

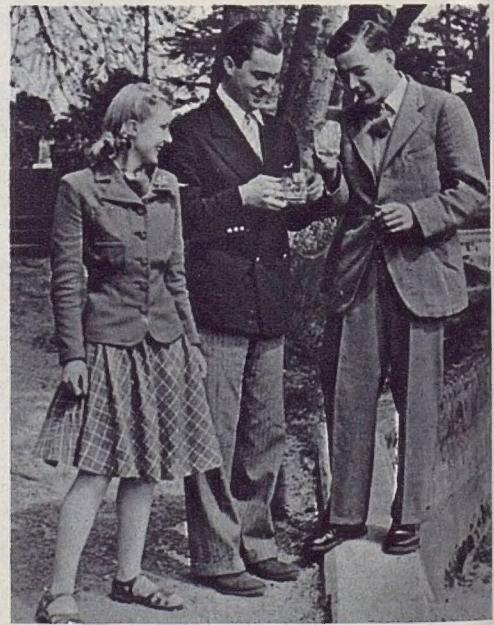
d'Affaires, and M. Jean Nieuwenhuys, Chef de Cabinet to the Belgian Minister of Education, and son of the Ambassador to the Vatican.

Lady Moncrieff and Baroness de Rutzen were among the many smart women there, and a charming programme-seller was Baroness Winterstein-Gillespie. She is the daughter of the famous Slatin Pasha—Sir Rudolf Carl von Slatin, whose dramatic story is worth recalling.

Austrian Pasha

THIS remarkable man first went to the Sudan when he was only seventeen. At that time Gordon was Governor of

(Concluded on page 312)



On the River: Visitors at the Compleat Angler, Marlow-on-Thames

Mr. H. T. McMorran, a well-known architect, is chatting to the Hon. Mrs. Ian Bowater, second daughter of Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn. Her husband is the proprietor of the Compleat Angler, the famous Thames-side hostelry at Marlow

Pilot-Officer and Mrs. O. A. Hacking are a young couple who spent some leave in the Thames Valley at the Compleat Angler. Beside them is the miniature waterfall which cascades beside the hotel. The weir forms a delightful river swimming-pool

Another group of guests in the garden of this riverside resort includes Miss Biddo Hunt, Flying-Officer R. A. Kewley and Flight-Lieut. J. S. Young (Canada). The two last-named, also on leave, are quenching their thirst with some excellent beer



Photographs by
Poole, Dublin

(Right) Willie Barrett, the Irish jockey, chatted to Viscount Adare, the Earl of Dunraven's heir. Barrett rode Lord Rothermere's Cameron, a rank outsider, to victory in the first Irish Lincolnshire run at the Curragh



Racing in Ireland

Important Events at the Curragh

In the first Irish Lincolnshire ever run at the Curragh, the headquarters of Irish racing, first and second places went to complete outsiders, Lord Rothermere's Cameron winning by half a length from Miss P. Beary's Red Sale, while Mr. D. Frame's well-backed Cratloe Castle was third. Sir Percy Loraine won the Irish 2000 Guineas with Khosro

Mr. F. J. R. La Terrière, son of a former Master of the Tipperary Hounds, was with Mrs. W. Hall, Master of the Carlow Hounds for the past twenty years.

Keen racing and hunting enthusiasts are Colonel the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Corbally-Stourton, of Corbally Hall, Tara, Co. Meath. He is an uncle of Lord Mowbray

Mrs. Derek Morley, a frequent visitor to Eire, attended the two-days meeting at the Curragh. Her husband is a staff captain in the British Army

Mr. W. E. Wylie, a former Judge of Eire's High Court and an ex-Master of the Ward Union, was with Mrs. Harry Meade, wife of the Dublin surgeon

Viscountess Adare, formerly Miss Nancy Yuille, of New York, was snapped with Lt.-Col. Richard Charteris of Cahir Park



Social Round-about

(Continued)

Khartoum, but Slatin did not meet him until several years later, when he was himself appointed Governor of a province, where he became involved in breathless adventures, culminating in the Arab revolt in 1882. Slatin, with inadequate resources, gallantly defended his province, and even nominally adopted the faith of Islam, to satisfy his followers, who attributed their non-success to his Christianity. But it was all no good, and eventually Slatin was placed in chains, where, an hour or two after the fall of Khartoum, he was shown the head of Gordon. He was a prisoner for over eleven years, escaped at last, with the help of Sir Reginald Wingate, was given the C.B., and later the K.C.M.G., by Queen Victoria; in 1906 was ennobled by the Emperor of Austria; and in 1912 was made G.C.V.O.

W.V.S. in Berkshire

MRS. ERIC PALMER, of Shinfield Grange, who was formerly Miss Gwen Jones, of Melbourne, Australia, is honorary organiser of the W.V.S. in Berkshire.

She appealed to Australia for funds for mobile canteens and their maintenance, with very impressive results. Mrs. James Burns, of Sydney, organised an appeal in New South Wales, and within a few weeks had raised £10,600, which was cabled to Mrs. Palmer for the service.

Australia is certainly being magnificent about the war in every way, and there are lots of interesting Australians in England.

Australians Here

ONE is Aimée, Lady Grey-Egerton, widow of that well-known sportsman, Sir Brian Grey-Egerton, of Oulton Park, Cheshire. She was formerly the wife of Sir Rupert Clarke, son of Australia's first baronet, and is living at Camberley. In the same district is her sister, Mrs. Kenneth Buchanan, who is the wife of Major-General Buchanan, secretary of the N.P.I.D.C., and associated

with Lord Nathan of Churt over the comforts organisation of the Southern Command.

Mme. Raefele de Romero was formerly Mrs. Lebbeus Hordern of Sydney. The Spanish name of her second husband suits her dark beauty, and she looks absurdly young to be a grandmother. Her son, Air Arm Lieut. Lebbeus Hordern, and his wife, who was Miss Ursula Gibbons, daughter of Lady Orr-Lewis, have just christened their son.

Another Christening

CAPTAIN the Hon. and Mrs. William Vestey have just had their son christened at Gloucester, the Bishop of that county officiating. Mrs. Vestey, who is a granddaughter of the famous singer, Dame Nellie Melba, has chosen Samuel George as her son's name, after his two paternal grandfathers, Mr. George Armstrong, of Coombe Cottage, Australia, and Lord Vestey.

Another charming Australian over here is Princess Max Melikoff, one of the belles of Tasmania, the Australian island described by Dame Marie Tempest as "a piece of Kent blossoming under the Southern Cross."

Princess Melikoff has been, with Dominion initiative, dealing with incendiary bombs at her sister's house in Southsea.

Sea Atmosphere

PRUNIER'S has cleverly established a subterranean illusion. You go into lovely dark, ocean-bed light, sea growths plaster the walls, behind glass, and appear, deliciously disguised, upon your plate.

Discerning and distinguished people flock in and out, including, lately, Sir Alexander Hardinge, Captain Balfour, from the Air Ministry, Prince Bernhard, whom everybody likes to see, on account of his charm and naturalness, and, from the Government, Mr. Oliver Stanley, and Captain Crookshank, who is an habitué. Mme. Prunier, whom most people remember in Paris long before the London restaurant was opened, personally welcomes her patrons.

Others seen there last week were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Harrington, wispy Lilli Palmer, with Rex Harrison, Lord Howard de Walden, and

Lady Winefred Gore. Also Josselin Bodley, the painter, smart in khaki.

Gay Opening

KETTNER'S was a gay joint with a suggestion of dashing naughtiness in the good old days. Now, with infinite courage, M. Pages, of La Coquille, has reopened it with the new name of La Cigale — tantalising reminder of those lovely islands off the Riviera where these little creatures are at their liveliest.

There was a lovely party to show it off in all its crisp new decoration, great contrast to the grey crumbliness all around outside. Pink walls, striped curtains, sunny frescoes, and, one very attractive idea, an alcove in the wall, containing a vase of real flowers, and surrounded by a heavy gilt frame. "Pure Cézanne," people said admiringly.

M. André Simon, the food and wine expert, is connected with the enterprise, and was there; also his son, another André Simon. Captain Woolf Barnato was among the people trying the different wines and nice things to eat, and Mme. Alice Delysia is a "godmother" of the place.

Mr. C. W. R. Nevinson had some enjoyable stories to tell about the old Kettner's.

Merriment and Jollity

DEAR, robust words, which suggest another age, more vividly than this one. Mr. Leonard Sachs, at the Player's, does his best to reproduce all three, and wears one of those collars with high points tickling his chin to announce the various turns with a wealth of merry roguery, and jolly sallies. The songs are all Victorian, and the audience the only jarring modern note, but they enjoy themselves, and the good hot things to eat, very much.

Miss Patience Brand, Mrs. Fiske's half-sister, was there the other night, looking very cute in a check jacket and plain trousers.

It seems that in the country now, trousers are worn by all the most "comme-il-faut" young ladies, and not just by trippers, as in the past.



A W.A.A.F. M.B.E. at Buckingham Palace—

Flight-Officer Felicity Hanbury, Public Relations Officer to the W.A.A.F., went to the Palace to receive her M.B.E. With her went her sister, Lady Campbell-Orde, her mother-in-law, Mrs. J. M. Hanbury, and Miss Campbell-Orde. Flight-Officer Hanbury, formerly Miss Felicity Watts, is the widow of Pilot-Officer Jock Hanbury, A.A.F. She is the first W.A.A.F. to receive the M.B.E.



—And Two Sailors Who Received the D.S.C.

Lieut.-Com. Phipp, of New Zealand, and Lieut. Sir Joseph Fayrer, R.N.V.R., have been awarded the D.S.C., and Third Officer Hay, W.R.N.S., and Lady Fayrer saw them receive their decorations from the King. Sir Joseph Fayrer succeeded his father as third baronet in 1937, and married Miss Helen Scott Lang as his second wife two years later.

A Recent Investiture

The First Presentation of George Crosses



An R.A.F. George Cross

Wing Commander Laurence F. Sinclair, already awarded a D.S.O., is the recipient of one of the first George Crosses gained by the R.A.F. He won this medal for great gallantry in rescuing an air-gunner from a crashed bomber, still laden with high-explosive bombs



A Naval George Cross

Lieut.-Com. Robert S. Armitage, R.N.V.R., of H.M.S. Vernon, won the George Cross for undaunted devotion to duty. He was snapped after the Investiture with Mrs. Armitage and a friend, Mrs. Speed, who accompanied him to the Palace



An Army George Cross

Major Herbert Barefoot, Royal Engineers, and his wife examine the George Cross he received for conspicuous gallantry in carrying out dangerous work regardless of his own safety. It is a plain silver cross with four equal limbs, the medallion in the centre bearing a design of St. George and the Dragon



Airman's M.B.E.

Squadron Leader E. L. McGrath was awarded the M.B.E. His wife, Flt.-Officer I. McGrath, and his daughter, Pat McGrath, are both in the W.A.A.F., making three members of one family in the Air Services



A Colonel's D.S.O.

Colonel C. M. Barber, of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, was honoured by the King with the D.S.O. He was photographed after the Investiture with his wife and their young son, who was also wearing kilts



Naval Officer's D.S.O. and D.F.C.

Lt.-Cdr. H. P. Bramwell, Fleet Air Arm, H.M.S. Ark Royal, received the D.S.O. and D.F.C. for daring and resource off Norway. Mrs. Bramwell carried the medals

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

HAVING taken the first wild news of Hess's escapade bang on the chin and passed quietly out, the film and fiction rackets are even now, a couple of weeks afterwards, in need of prolonged rest and a light diet, our welfare workers report.

The film-critic body are still shaken, but out of danger. Those boys and girls know all too well—don't we all?—the weary mockery with which they would have dismissed any sensation-sequence comparable to this in a current Hollywood film; the dainty satire and wisecracks which would have been lavished on it by those cynical Sunday paper girls, whom we dearly love; the sparkling form of our old mentor and idol James ("Boss") Agate, who, we dare respectfully surmise, would have tried and executed those Hollywood dopes with brilliant verve and the incidental aid of Lamb, Hazlitt, Racine, Laforgue, Shakespeare, Sarcey, Rimbaud, Croce, Walkley, Montague, Old Aunt Sarah Bernhardt and all.

Nor could one blame the boys and girls for a moment, and least of all the Boss. Many a seasoned script-hack has been fired for thinking up a "twist" far less crazy than the soberest morning-after conjectures or even the ultimate truth about Hess's flight. What's your angle, Izzy? Well Joe, my angle is, mind I'm only thinking out loud, see, my angle is it's like this, some real big Nazi

shot maybe he thinks things aren't going so hot, see, he's maybe a bit haywire or sumpting, see, so maybe he grabs himself a plane and beats it out of Germany right here to England and he's all washed up, see, of course, I'm only thinking—Okay, Izzy, you're out.

Afterthought

As for those of the Fleet Street boys, our soulmates, who spent two days in dance and song over the cracking of the Reich and, on the third, turned suddenly censorious and warningful on the topic of wishful thinking and getting-on-with-the-war, they are all buoyant, bright, and bonny as usual, God bless them, including those thinkers who compared Hess for varying reasons to Themistocles, Talleyrand, Buddha, and St. Francis of Assisi. So you see the hangover is not so severe as you had feared, or hoped.

Purge

HERE being few evils, a man once told us in Ealing, without some corresponding good, it may be that the ultimate restoration of Westminster Abbey will enable the Dean and Chapter to cleanse the fabric of a few of those hideous marbles



"I wish you would refrain from using Colonel Fogarty as a toothpick"

which defile it: the myriad stout but unimportant poseurs in periwigs, the grotesque Nightingale monument showing Death jabbing at Mrs. Nightingale with a harpoon, all that legacy of materialist-Erastian junk which has grieved the judicious for generations.

Why Henry VIII spared Westminster when so many larger, nobler and finer English abbeys like Fountains and Rievaulx and Tintern were looted and wrecked utterly is no mystery, of course; it happened to be the Royal crowning-place. However, the 17th and 18th centuries did their best to carry out the White Tsar's intentions by erecting those pompous monuments to human pride—how ridiculous, as somebody has remarked, the tranquil effigies of the mediæval kings and queens awaiting Domesday Leet make all these rococo prancings and posturings look—and the opportunity seems now at hand to transfer a few of them to their spiritual home, which is obviously Madame Tussaud's, or one of those "Follies" the 18th century built up and down England.

The Nightingale monument, a traveller assures us, would look even more at home in that cemetery in Buenos Aires which is full of tombs supporting bronze and marble ladies in picture hats and boas, frock-coated marble gentlemen reading books or patting dogs, and other triumphs of the funereal arts. But at least the Argentines could plead a touch of sun, whereas Roubiliac, so far as we can discover, carved his masterpiece stone sober, the industrious little twirp.

Romance

A SCOTTISH chieftain who died the other day was apparently among the several thousand unsuccessful applicants all over the world for the Crown of Albania when it was up for competition a few years before World War I. A chap we know also applied, demonstrating a calm, serious confidence in the power of a newly-won running Blue which, he felt, ought to do the trick.

(Concluded on page 316)



"No, I've never tried making cheese from carrots"



A Drunken Trio
John Haig, Jimmy Buchanan, and Johnny Walker are three bibulous gentlemen who, after a hectic night out, cannot remember the way home. This is the theme of a sketch called "Home Comforts," and Bobby Howes, Arthur Riscoe and Richard Hearne are the tipplers



Guest Artist



A Songstress
Pat Taylor has lovely bronze hair and an attractive voice. She provides the more serious and sentimental songs in the show, and is partnered in several duets with Frank Leighton

"Shephard's Pie"

A Rollicking Revue Revived at
Princes Theatre



Evacuees

A Scoutmaster (Richard Hearne) arrives at the Vicarage with his three evacuee charges (Jack Leopold, Bobby Howes and Arthur Riscoe). Their language, general behaviour and comments are a slight shock to the Vicar and his wife



A Quartet

"Chamber Music" is a number almost without music, in which the quartet spends most of its time preparing to play. The pianist (Benita Lydal) endeavours to lead the way, but amongst other vicissitudes, Bobby Howes's cello gets stuck to the floor or whisked aloft. Arthur Riscoe begins with the wrong piece, and Richard Hearne gets completely tied up in knots in his instrument, his chair, his own and Arthur Riscoe's legs

Standing By ...

(Continued)

That comic German princeling Wilhelm von Wied, however, ultimately clicked with the trustees of Albania and, after a brief, rough passage, was dethroned and ejected, so far as we remember. Maybe even a Scots chieftain, familiar with rugged mountain characters, would also have failed; possibly even a running Blue. The necessary adoption of Mahometanism would present no difficulties to the broadminded—wasn't it a contemporary Spanish Ambassador who wrote home reporting that most of the English nobility would turn Mahometan tomorrow if so ordered by the Virgin Queen?—but we guess those exhibition sprints would have charmed and cowed the rude Albanians just twice and no more. Boredom would then set in and another hearty but much-regretted athlete would shortly join the runners and wrestlers in the Happy Fields.

Rite

RICE, rarely used nowadays for this purpose, may no longer be thrown at weddings, and confetti is being more and more banned. It will be interesting to see what form the instinct to throw something at a bride takes next.

Laughing like a Japanese canary with yellow fever (*un rire jaune*), we've often wondered if the rice and confetti throwers know the symbolism of this rite, which a classical don once assured us derives directly from the merry old Roman or Fescennine wedding-custom of throwing nuts. The present ban on both types of missile will chiefly, we gather, affect the diet of vergers' children, who must have found boiled confetti a rather disagreeable change already. Longfellow did not foresee

this hardship when he wrote that moving poem about the Dying Verger, beginning "Beside the ungathered rice he lay," and composed after a terrific crush at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Throwing old shoes at brides seems to us to reflect the stern, sober Island temperament more faithfully than throwing confetti, a frivolous Venetian Carnival adaptation which never goes very well with the kind of masks you see at the average wedding, in our unfortunate view. Wasn't it one of the Buffers in *Our Mutual Friend* who, flushed with wine, caught the butler a nice one on the nose? This shows, a seasoned wedding-guest tells us, that despair until the very last moment is unmanly and unreasonable and that throwing should never be aimless, even when (as happens sometimes at Rugger Blues' weddings) the bride herself is tossed from hand to hand.

Chum

"WHY do not more people keep geese?" a chap asked Auntie *Times* the other day, raising a question with many social, emotional, aesthetic, and moral facets.

Doggie-worshippers will reply at once that the goose, refusing to fawn and flatter and adore, is far from *sympathique* and has even been known to hiss the Island Race. On the other hand the goose often mixes in very exclusive society. A beautiful dirty-faced goose-girl holding off Prince Charming as he makes his first passes would hardly be likely to look twice at a middle-class chap ambling past with Rover at his heels, her geese would undoubtedly make contemptuous head-in-air noises, and however cleverly Rover showed off, no invitation to the wedding-breakfast would be forthcoming. It is clear therefore that geese are worth cultivating socially for their own sake.

This may be an uphill task, for geese, although they live very soberly on a grass diet and go about in military formation, like retired majors in a Garden Suburb, have an offensive habit of cackling derisively as you pass. However, the unlikeliest dumb chums often make delightful pets, as Gérard de Nerval proved when he walked round Paris with a lobster at the end of a blue ribbon: "It does not bark," he explained, "and it knows all the secrets of the deep." Our feeling is that a single diamond-collared goose seen in Claridge's could make the entire Race anserophile or goose-conscious in one night. Moreover, they taste nicer than Rover.

Rap

"OUR white flannels seemed like red rags to a bull," complained a citizen to one of the dailies the other day after certain malignants had rebuked him and his little playmates publicly for indulging in their devotions in wartime.

We thought his defence—namely that nobody hoots at people who unbend their minds between bombs and war-work with bridge, or even a book—rather surprising. He should surely have developed the lofty, well-known theme of the moral grandeur of cricket and its ethical values, on which masses of the Island Race, including ourselves, have been compulsorily fed during the Formative Years of our tender infancy. The symbolism of white flannels, again—we don't know if you are familiar with Prof. Osbert Sitwell's inspired words on this ritual vesture:

... demigods covered, as though they were soft-shelled crustaceans, with soft white armour, pipeclayed brasslets, gauntlets, greaves, vambraces, and codpieces, and crowned, perhaps as a mark of their arrested mental development, with those round caps that usually cling to the heads of schoolboys.

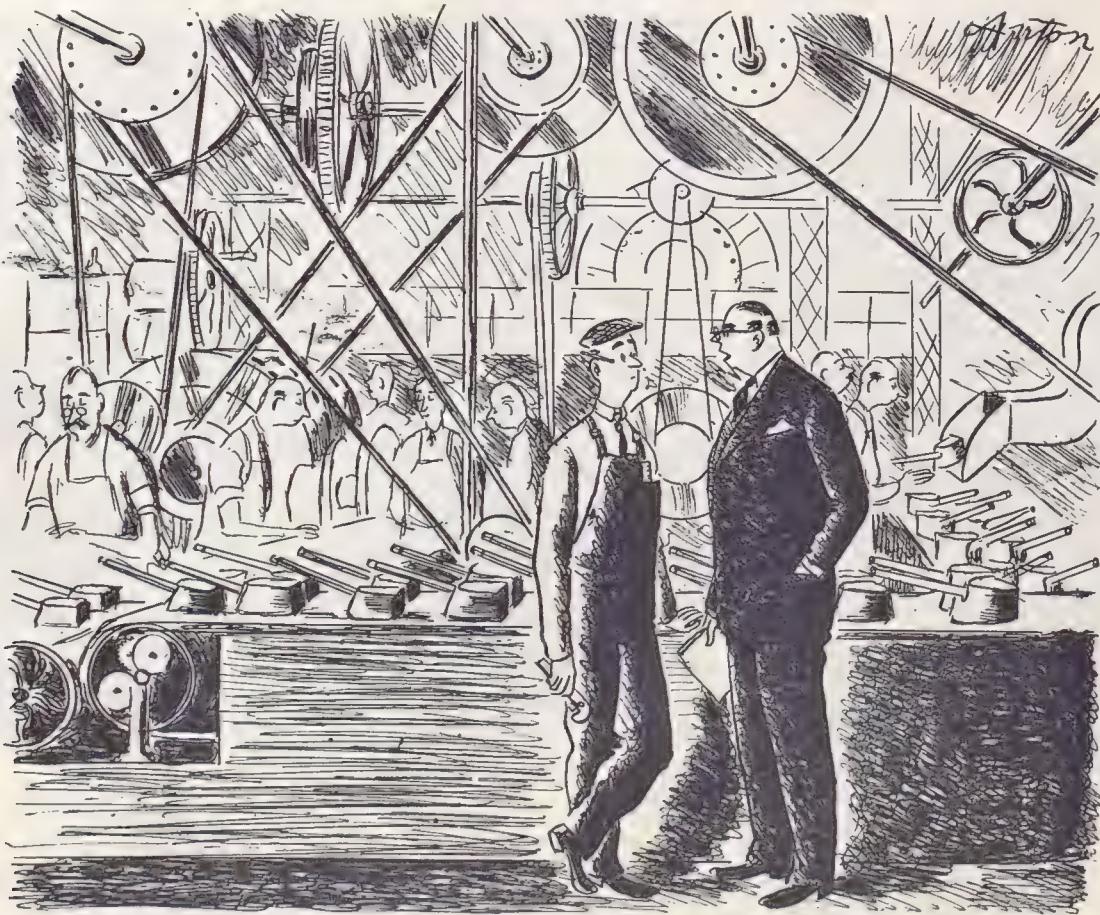
The Professor forbore or forgot to add that hitting a bit of leather with a bit of wood makes everybody pure and noble and disinterested and fine, like Kingsley's Elizabethans, but we feel the citizen above should have made a major issue of it. People will think he isn't serious, or something.

Magic

IT was reported the other day that all soothsayers, astrologers, crystal-gazers, fortunetellers and palmists have been forbidden to appear and prophesy on the German stage since Hess's flight; which seems to show that the Nazis take our little buddies of the stars even more seriously than we do in this country.

Meanwhile, contrary to what the stars announced to the Harrogate astrologers' conference, there has been no invasion this month, and—a far greater disappointment—no new Messiah appeared on May 11 as advertised. A few ardent thinkers have been striving to make Hess's flight coincide with the "staggering news" promised for that day, but it's not very difficult to predict staggering news for almost any day at the moment, and one feels that if the stars had known it was going to be Hess, they'd have cashed in on something more definite.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I'm afraid we'll have to scrap these 16-inch guns—apparently the Admiralty was referring to inside barrel diameter"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Yer know, I dreamt last night that Hitler's double had been doin' everythin' up to now, and when Hitler 'imself got back 'e was furious about it!"

(Comment on dream censored.)

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Gertrude Lawrence, Editor

FOR content with her triumphant appearances as a fashion editor (who dreams she is a glamour girl of the Brenda Frazier calibre) on Broadway, our Gee (far more in evidence here than "our Gracie") is editing a book of letters from the home fronts, to be called *Opened by Examiner*.

One hopes she will not repeat the mistake made by Vincent Shean and Diana Forbes Robertson, his wife. Their *War Letters from Britain*, coming mainly from actors, actresses, journalists, literary agents, and others whose trades make them unconscious exhibitionists, were too often punctuated with hard drinks and strong words to be representative of the nation whose greatness still glows in the character of its working men and its down-trodden gentry; both inarticulate in the main, and not given to highly-coloured letters to America or anywhere else.

The royalties from Gee's collection will go to British War Relief, as did the Sheans'.

The Actors' Orphanage

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE has placed fifty children from the Actors' Orphanage, with their teachers, at the Gould Foundation in the Bronx. Eight months after their adventurous crossing (the week of the Benares tragedy), they have put on weight, are happy and well cherished by the numerous British actors in New York. (The latest Shaftesbury Avenue belle to work here is Leonora Corbett.)

Gertrude Lawrence's other activities include the American Theatre Wing of British War Relief, of which she is vice-president, and the Gertrude Lawrence Chapter in Dennis, Massachusetts. The latter helps namesake towns: Chatham, Truro, Barnstaple, and Sandwich, in New England, giving to their godparents. Her interest in Dennis, on Cape Cod (the scene of so many New England novels), arose through her husband, who runs its summer theatre.

"Gee" will not be working there this year, as she has booked a place on the Clipper, June 26th. During the annual heat-wave, which closes the theatres in New York, her intention is to visit her folk and "sing to anyone who will listen" in England.

Another Hearst Sale

MORE items from the seemingly inexhaustible William Randolph Hearst collection (so amusingly taken off by Aldous Huxley in *After Many a Summer*) were auctioned at the end of March at Gimbel's giant department store in New York, in aid of a local infirmary for women and children. This was a ritzy evening out, with Mrs. Harold E. Talbott, of twins and polo fame, in charge of the arrangements committee, and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Mrs. George St. George, and others known to you, as sales promotion girls.

The redoubtable Jack and Charlie, owners of "21," the night place which has found its way into modern American literature, arranged the bar. Gimbel's best clients rolled up to buy armour, books, ceramics, fabrics, pewter, stained glass, Spanish rugs, and other bits and pieces accumulated haphazard by the fabulous Mr. Hearst, a substantial percentage going to the good cause. The Marquise de Talleyrand helped to select "les objets d'art," and, with the aid of professional auctioneers, the highly-paid comedian, George Jessel (kinsman of Lord Jessel), ran a line of patter almost up to the late George Grossmith's in the same role.

The whole was so well staged that our

own charity organisers would have learned a lot. The only one who does not need any lessons is Mrs. Leslie Gamage, most persuasive of amateur beggars.

The Far-West Kandahar

SKIERS will be glad to hear that their favourite pastime is very much alive in the Far West, where a real Kandahar race took place this March in the Yosemite, with Arnold Lunn as guest of honour, and Martin Fopp, one-time winner of the Parsenn Derby, first past the flag. "Chris" Schwarzenbach, who has been a member of the original Kandahar for some years, was second, which helped to give the proceedings a hearty Alpine atmosphere.

Don Tressider, who owns the hotel there, has travelled in Europe, where he attended several Kandahar meetings. He seems to be just the right man to re-create the genial A.-K. spirit in the Yosemite. Tressider said to Arnold Lunn, "When I was in Europe, the contrast between the grim, tense rivalry of the F.I.S. meeting, with its aggravated nationalism, and the country-house week-end atmosphere of Arlberg-Kandahar, made a deep impression on me and I knew which would go down over here."

Russell v. Lunn

THE debate in Washington between Arnold Lunn and Bertrand Russell produced lively verbal fireworks. B.R. read a paper on education for democracy, after which A.L. quoted a



Gertrude Lawrence and a Nelson Portrait

Gainsborough's portrait of Lord Nelson (valued at £25,000) came all the way from Los Angeles to New York for exhibition in the Radio City Music Hall lobby in connection with the N.Y. premiere of "Lady Hamilton." Gertrude Lawrence was chosen to officiate at the unveiling ceremony. More about her activities in this week's "Letter from America." "Lady Hamilton" is Korda's latest film, made in Hollywood, with Laurence Olivier as Nelson and Vivien Leigh as his Emma

statement of B.R.'s to the effect that "there is nothing but prejudice and habit for the belief in the external world." The cunning "Arni" went on: "I think the noble Lord should make up his mind whether we exist or not before telling us how to educate our children. You and I belong to the noble Lord's external world." (Laughter.)

"Arni" further objected to "these bogus masters stealing my democratic thunder—Lord Russell has no more right to call himself Mr. Russell than I have to call myself Lord Lunn, so I shall refer to him throughout as the noble Lord, as he would be referred to in the House of Lords."

B.R. made a delightful speech in reply, in the course of which he referred to the "King of Mürren" as the "noble Mister." All very Chinese, and also very English.

A Lunn Tour

THE odyssey of Arnold Lunn, who is returning to England by a very thrilling mode of transport which I must not designate, will make fascinating articles and lectures if he ever decides to tell England how he told twenty-seven thousand miles of Americans about the Battle of Britain, from November to May, speaking mainly to Roman Catholic audiences, whose reaction to aid for Britain is largely swayed by their ancestry, the Irish being unable to see, as an old priest in Cork told "Arni" last year, why the Lord has seen fit to use such dubious instruments as the English to uphold the cause of Christianity.

But South Carolina gave "Arni" a homogeneous audience of polo-minded pro-British Red Cross workers and their male dependents who were so pleased to be addressed by a mountaineer and a skier—therefore a sportsman—that they almost forgot a natural aversion to his scholarship and intellectual brilliance.

His lecture was far and away the best I have heard; witty, humorous, instructive as to the Balkans (where he wandered last year), and immensely moving when it came to an eye-witness account of a week at Hell's Corner in Kent last year, where he was privileged to observe at R.A.F. headquarters before joining a North Sea convoy. Those Swissers who knew "Arni" as the sarcastic, epigrammatic, after-ski-race speaker would agree, if they could hear him now, that he has risen to great heights, and is a genius at mixing the ingredients of light and shade, playing on his audience's emotions in a way which few Englishmen can equal. In fact, he has spoken to more Americans and to more varied social groups than any Englishman, ever. Incidentally, the Government contribute nothing to lecturers who pay their own way: they do it pro patria.

British War Relief Appeal

THE latest appeal from the admirable British War Relief organisation takes the form of a folder telling exactly what each gift of money buys and sends to England. For instance, one dollar, or "buck," provides a pair of children's rubber boots, or a pair of mine-sweeper gloves; while 500 dollars provides twenty Thermos containers, five sets of hospital bed equipment, fifty children's overcoats, twenty-five shelter stoves, or one hundred adult pairs of shoes, fifty sets of children's underwear and fifty pairs of gloves for fire-fighters. Generous Americans pay their money in large or small amounts, and send their choice.

After listing what can be given for 10,000 dollars, B.W.R. prints a hopeful footnote to the effect that larger amounts provide more accordingly, and all day, every day, money pours in.

I wonder if we shall remember to say "thank you" warmly enough afterwards. Until the present war our reputation for gratitude was not so hot over here, but at least one organisation laid the foundations of permanent, appreciative understanding. I mean the English-Speaking Union, whose magazine is widely read and passed round, especially now that it contains so many courageous sidelights on the Home Fronts.

Revue in the Making

Stars Rehearsing and
a Lyricist Composing

Scene: a cocktail bar. Characters: Hermione Baddeley, Hermione Gingold. H.B.: "Why don't we do a revue together?" H.G.: "My dear, we must." Result: "Rise Above It," which is at Brighton this week and comes to the Comedy Theatre next Wednesday, June 4th. For several years the two Hermiones have been the rival comedy attractions of Farjeon and Gate revues, and the theatrical world was all agog when it was announced that they were going into partnership. Our photographer reports that rehearsals, far from being a tussle between two temperamental leading ladies for the best numbers, have been gay, lively affairs, as on the right. Edward Compton and Walter Crisham, both clever and versatile revue players, make up the quartet of "Rise Above It" stars



Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

"Rise Above It" is a song and a New Revue. Stars are Edward Compton, Hermione Gingold, Hermione Baddeley, Walter Crisham



Jayne Ogden Writes Music—

When she was a child little Jayne Ogden wanted to be a soldier and she wanted to write down the tunes always running in her head. She soon grew out of one idea, but she has grown right into the other, and a few weeks ago her first theatre show, "Orchids and Onions," for which she wrote the songs—words as well as music—was put on in London (now at the Apollo). Now she is working hard at a musical comedy which is to go into production in the autumn. She gets most of her musical ideas when she's out and about, then rushes home to her piano to play them and write them down



—And Also Words

Words and music should come together she thinks, and when she has written her tune she types out the verse to go with it. Jayne Ogden is the wife of Captain William Ogden, lives in a flat in Arlington House which has lost its windows but is otherwise intact, has a miniature white poodle called Tubby (on the sofa in the background), holds a pilot's licence and has 60 hours' solo flying to her credit

Mothers and Children



The Hon. Mrs. Dudley de Levingne

Sitting by the fireside at her charming Surrey home, Nonsuch Cottage, Cheam Village, is the Hon. Mrs. Dudley de Levingne, formerly the Hon. Angela Greenwood. She was married in 1937, her husband, a second lieutenant in the Royal Fusiliers, is the only brother of Viscountess Castlerosse. Her father, Lord Greenwood, is an eminent K.C., and Member of the Privy Council; her mother is a Dame of the British Empire

Venetia and Edward de Levingne

Great games climbing up and down the nursery stairs keep Venetia and Edward Michael Hamar happy and amused. Venetia is three and her brother a year younger

Mrs. Norman Philips and Simon



Mrs. Norman Philips is the attractive young widow of Mr. Norman Philips, 60th Rifles, who was killed in action. She was Miss Elizabeth Barclay before her marriage in 1939, is the youngest daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. H. G. Barclay. She and her son Simon are now living at Chaplain's Lodge, Windsor Great Park, with her parents, her father being Domestic Chaplain to the King



Jonathan and Julia Peel

The two elder children of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. David Peel are looking rather solemn over their tea-party, and two-year-old Julia watches her brother, who was born in 1937, pour out. On the right is a picture of their mother, with her six-months-old baby son on her knee. Mrs. Peel is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Huntingfield. Her husband is now in the Army, she and the children are living at Raybridge, Lacock, Wilts.



The Hon. Mrs. David Peel and Her Younger Son



The Hon. Mrs. John Bethell and Her Children

For the duration of the war the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell and her three children, Jennifer aged ten, Guy aged thirteen, and Patricia who is seven, are living at Duke's Hill Cottage, Bagshot, where this attractive group, complete with two golden cocker spaniels, was taken. Her husband, a Flight-Lieutenant in the R.A.F., is the eldest son of Lord Bethell. Mrs. Bethell is one of the Hon. Sir James and Lady Connolly's five daughters and is a fully trained Red Cross nurse.



Annie Brophy

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

A Delightful Book

SOMETIMES, after I have been surfeited by what I will call "manufactured literature," I hope that there will be no "new books" in Heaven or Hell—whichever will be my ultimate destination. And then I come across a book like *A Treasury of the World's Great Letters* : From Ancient Days to Our Own Time (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), edited by M. Lincoln Schuster—well, to repeat, when I come across such a delightful book as this is, sincerely I hope there are ! For this is the kind of book I shall keep beside me in readiness for the moment when I want to read about Great Men and Women not actually in the process of being "great." When, in fact, they are being as human as you and I are most of the time when we do not feel ourselves to be fulfilling any kind of a purpose. And when I write "human" I mean being almost humdrum : humdrum in the sense that life is chiefly made up of domestic and personal reactions on which the lime-light of either contemporary gossip or posterity is unlikely to shine.

Rarely is this seen so clearly as in private correspondence. When friends are writing to friends, or even enemies to enemies, there is a sincerity which is rarely found in a crowd and scarcely ever on a platform. Especially, if these letters are really private and have not been written with the hopeful view that a later generation will pause to admire them. Mind you, even letters are not always a reflection of the permanent truth. I have known the most delightful letter-writers whose acts and thoughts in reality badly let down their epistolary sentiments. But I have lived long enough now to realise that most people are momentarily very sincere, the trouble being that they cannot keep it up—sincerity getting mixed up with criticism, and ennui, and a hundred other things which overwhelm it because at the moment they seem much more urgent.

Which maybe often accounts for unexpected kindness and equally unforeseen society in which the one who has temporarily seized the platform succeeds in shouting the others down.

Great Letters

THE joy of this collection lies in the fact that most of the letters were written in a purely private and friendly capacity. Moreover, Mr. Schuster gives us not only the circumstances in which the letter was written, but a brief biography of the writer and often of the recipient. Thus, so to speak, they are not isolated as so many literary miscellanies are, but seem to be one brief but important incident in a life which otherwise is only known from history and hearsay. They let one into an intimacy, as most letters do, which is unknown to the world outside. And they range from Alexander the Great writing to King Darius III, exchanging defiance for the Mastery of the World, to Thomas Mann's famous indictment of the Hitler régime for its secret and open crimes addressed to the Dean of the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Bonn after his dismissal and forced exile following his political views. Best of all, there is not one single letter in the whole collection which is not worth while. The fame of the writer is important, of course, but were it written by someone less well known it would be memorable. As it is, the combination of greatness and interest makes this Treasury the best of all I have as yet come across.

Among the more famous are some of the Letters of Héloïse and Abélard, Zola's "J'Accuse," Ninon de L'Enclos telling the Marquis de Sévigné what makes love so dangerous, Samuel Johnson spurning the proffered help of the Earl of Chesterfield;

a selection of the best letters which Beethoven wrote to his "Immortal Beloved"; some of the love-letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, Robert Louis Stevenson's masterly rebuke to the Rev. C. M. Hyde in defence of Father Damien, and Captain Scott's pathetic last message to the British public. And oh, so many others which are of equal interest and totally unknown to most people. Such as D. H. Lawrence's letter advising a friend on love and marriage; some letters which passed between Nicholas II. and his wife on the eve of the revolution, Leon Trotsky's warning to an old Socialist comrade to heed the muted rumble of approaching events, Lion Feuchtwanger's caustic enquiry to the Nazi occupant of his confiscated house, Paul Gauguin's comparing of notes with August Strindberg on Art, Barbarism and Civilisation, and—well, I could give a dozen more which are of supreme interest historically and psychologically.

A Lovely Intimacy

AND as I wrote above, the charm of this collection is that most of the letters reveal an intimacy of thought which I found absorbing. Take, for instance, the letter written by Mme. von Meck, his friend and benefactor, to Tchaikovsky—the man she loved, after he had been inveigled into a marriage which turned out so unfortunately: "And do you know what a wicked person I am? I rejoiced when you were unhappy with her! I reproached myself for that feeling. I don't think I betrayed myself in any way, and yet I could not destroy my feelings. They are something a person does not order. I hated that woman because she did not make you happy, but I would have hated her a

(Concluded on page 324)



Hospital for A.R.P. Workers

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dumas have given up their charming early eighteenth-century house at Great Missenden as a hospital for A.R.P. workers. The idea of a convalescent home, solely for those workers who suffered injury or illness as a result of their Civil Defence duties, was planned some months ago by Lord Horder and Mrs. Joan Wollcombe. The hospital was opened by Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode on behalf of the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. Mrs. Dumas, her son, and Mrs. Cummins, the Commandant, are on the lawn with the dogs, and a patient rests in the sunshine



Putting on his boots on the step of his apple-house and granary, Mr. Deeping prepares for his day's work. Besides planning for the farm, he is transport man, driving the car and 6-cwt. trailer, and helps in the three-acre garden



The staff consists of Albert Fancourt and Frank Catt. Ages of Mr. Deeping and his men, who are sixty and seventy, total 193 years

Twenty-Five Acres and a Lot of Food

Warwick Deeping, the Novelist, on His Surrey Farm



Mrs. Deeping and her husband sit on a fine old seat made two hundred years ago for the Master Builder's home at Hampton Court

Warwick Deeping bought his Surrey small-holding—Eastlands, near Weybridge—ten years ago, and even then thought what a good answer it could supply to a German blockade. In 1938 he began to lay his plans for wartime production, and last year he grew about 15 tons of food—potatoes, wheat, oats, rye; 7 cwt. of fruit; 5 cwt. of onions; maize, beans, carrots, beets, greens, as well as thousands of eggs. He supplies his own household, his two men and their wives, the local hospital, and old people without gardens or means. His hay and grazing he lends to a neighbour. All this, and his holding and equipment, he says, "cost me the price of a luxury car," and in spending his money thus, "I am doing the job I love." All this Mr. Deeping combines with writing, and a month or so ago added a new novel to his long list of publications: *The Dark House* (Cassells; 9s.)



The motor-cultivator, driven by Fancourt, is one of two which plough, harrow and reap. Mr. Deeping spreads fertiliser, large stores of which, with grain, petrol, oil, netting and so on, were bought before the war



Posts, boards, battens and logs for burning come from the estate's woodland, and are cut up by the circular saw

A small-holder's threshing machine is part of the estate's mechanical equipment, and is driven by a 5-h.p. oil engine. Below, Mr. Deeping, Catt and Fancourt bring it out of the barn



Crushing and grinding the home-grown grain is also done on the premises. The engine drives this, as well as the thresher and the saw



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

hundred times more if you had been happy with her. I thought she had robbed me of what should be mine only, what is my right, because I love you more than anyone and value you above everything in the world." How human that is! A woman who is resigned to renunciation but jealous if that renunciation means the happiness of the lover to be renounced.

Again, among the letters which reveal a mental state rather than an incident, however important, in life, I count H. L. Mencken's letter which "admits to a philosopher that God has treated him with vast politeness," among the most interesting. "But I can't help thinking of his barbaric torture of most of the rest of humanity. I simply cannot imagine revering the God of war and politics, theology and cancer. I do not believe in immortality, and have no desire for it. . . . What the meaning of human life may be I don't know: I incline to suspect that it has none. All I know about this is that, to me at least, it is very amusing while it lasts. Even its troubles, indeed, can be amusing. Moreover, they tend to foster the human qualities that I admire most—courage and its analogues. The noblest man, I think, is that one who fights God, and triumphs over Him. I have had little of this to do. When I die I shall be content to vanish into nothingness. No show, however good, could conceivably be good for ever."

I could go on quoting for pages, but these extracts show at least a little of the variety which makes this collection so interesting. The letters of Voltaire and Boswell are here published for the first time, and the letters of Napoleon to Josephine, some of Shelley's and many others included in the book have only very recently been made public. Moreover, the brief biography which precedes them, describing the circumstances in which they are written, is a delightful link between the letter-writer and the reader, lending additional interest and drama to each page.

Thoughts from "The World's Great Letters"

"WHENEVER a feeble mortal regards himself as a God, and conqueror over the hosts of Heaven, beyond doubt the indignation of the Almighty brings down ruin on his kingdom."

"Nature renders either hateful or indifferent those objects that we do not ourselves experience."

"It is the man who dares to take, who is independent, not he who gives."

"A woman unsatisfied must have luxuries. But a woman who loves a man will sleep on a board."

"Only the dying can be really idle."

Paganini and Sugar

How often I have noticed the inclination among those who are not born with the creative gift, but perhaps are tortured by it in frustration, to idealise the creative artist. It is not that they put a

halo around his head exactly, so much as erecting a fence around him to prove that, even apart from his gifts, he does not belong to the common clay. How many novels I have read in which the lover for whom the heroine sacrificed her all was a writer, I should not like to count. A painter, moreover, has only to step upon the fictional scene to become immediately suspect as the man in whom magnetism and fascination are only the beginning of his ultimate glamour.

Speaking personally—and I must confess that my experience is not great—I have always found that writers are anything but glamorous as individuals, and indeed are rather dull company once divorced from their own interest in themselves. In private life, too, someone has only once to have had a book published and in their neighbourhood a strange reverence surrounds them, like the painter who in the distant past had a picture hung in the Royal Academy, though as sky-ed as could be. Thus I can only suspect that Mr. Manuel Komroff is more a worshipper at the shrine of music than an historian, after reading his pleasant bit of sugar-fiction-cum-history *The Magic Bow* (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.). For this is a story of the career of the great Paganini told sentimentally and romantically through the rose-coloured mist of adoration. One feels that Hollywood might treat it this way, with one eye on the box office as represented by the more darkened seats.

Paganini's career was strange enough and exciting enough in reality: a life-story which could be more truthfully painted in the primary colours. Here it is painted



C. S. Archer

A pilot-officer in the R.A.F.V.R. who has just published his first novel is C. S. Archer, whose "Hankow Return" came out this month (Collins; 9s. 6d.). Mr. Archer was in the Chinese Maritime Customs till 1940 when he came home to join up; his story is about a young pilot who fought for China and lived through many of the war scenes of which Mr. Archer was himself an observer

in faint pastel-shades with, so to speak, pink predominating. However, maybe quite a lot of readers, who prefer sentiment to history, will like it this way very much, and, indeed, it does make pleasantly gentle reading; especially if you forget most of the things you know about Paganini and settle down to read the story of a world-famous violinist, who happened to have the same name, and who loved while still a poor youth the niece of a Frenchman, who gave him his Guarnerius, and remained faithful to her memory until years later they met again; both completely unchanged in themselves and their attitude towards each other. This will get them comfortably over the unromantic hurdle that Paganini lived for more than ten years with a famous dancer and was the father of her child, and take it, as Mr. Komroff takes it, as if it were just something to step over and forget. Taken thus, here is a very readable story with, so to speak, a musical background.

Mystery Well Preserved

IT must be rather embarrassing to wake up in a casualty ward and not remember either who you are or how you came there. Yet that was the problem which faced the heroine of Kathleen Hewitt's good mystery story *Lady Gone Astray* (Jarrold; 8s. 6d.). Moreover, when she learnt that nobody had apparently missed her, the problem became greater still. Well, this is the start-off of a very good yarn which scarcely ever becomes far-fetched and is told with a quite infectious liveliness. Moreover, the writer's imagination never lets her down, except to get rid of an unpleasant character by sending her to post a letter and getting her run over. There are so many more original ways of killing a person off—and a writer of fiction, like Fate, can choose his weapons. A glorious opportunity here missed!



Professor A. M. Low

Professor A. M. Low is a scientist and inventor who now wears uniform with two "pips" on his shoulder. He is at present on special service. In the last war he was a major and a lieutenant-commander, and the inventor of wireless torpedo control gear among many other things. He has written numerous books, both technical and popular, on scientific subjects, his latest being "The Submarine at War".

Racing in India

Eclipse Stakes Day at the
Bombay Meeting



Baqlava won the Eclipse Stakes this year—the Blue Riband of the Indian Turf. His owner, Mr. G. N. Musry, leads him in here. Baqlava also won the Viceroy's Cup and the King-Emperor's Cup this season. He is half-brother to Selim Hassan, one of the more notable classic colts of the present season at home



The Princess of Berar, the beautiful daughter-in-law of the Nizam of Hyderabad, stopped to talk to an acquaintance



Mrs. Guin Corbett-Wright discusses the big race of the day with two soldiers in Service dress—Captain Cole and a brother-officer



The Governor of Bombay, Sir Roger Lumley, congratulates Mrs. G. N. Musry on her husband's victory with Baqlava in the big race. She had just received the trophy from Lady Lumley (in white). On the left in the grey suit is Major Gulliland, Secretary of the Western India Turf Club



The Duchess of Roxburgh (centre) is with Lady Lumley, the Governor's wife, and the three Lumley girls, Elizabeth, Anne, and Mary, the eldest, who is eighteen this year. Sir Roger and Lady Lumley have one son, aged eleven, and a fourth daughter, aged six. Sir Roger Lumley has held his Bombay appointment since 1937

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"Cardinal Wiseman"

HE did not do as Röhm did when he was on exactly the same spot as Röhm was. It is interesting to speculate whether our Gate-Crasher would have been as anxious to see anyone who was not the wearer of a ducal coronet. A question no one seems to have asked is, how is it proposed to swear this witness? A supplementary question is, "Of what value is the testimony of an accomplice?"

After Keren

A LETTER which has arrived to me from an officer, who has been through all the very strenuous scrapping since our attack from the Sudan started at a time when the temperature was only 110° in the shade, is full of interest. The heat rose rapidly as summer advanced and so, even if there had been no other incentive to get to higher and much cooler altitudes, the prospect of escaping from something almost as bad as the three heroes of the burning fiery furnace experienced would have been a sufficient one. In Mooltan, which is a place on the edge of the Sind Desert, they have had a midnight temperature of 102° , so it is not difficult to imagine what the day reading was! My correspondent says, as will be noted, that it was quite a gentlemanly war up to Keren, but that at that point it turned bloody, and there was nothing to distinguish it from any kind of war, which means that it was ferocious and knee-deep in gore. The Italians, believing that they had all the tricks in their hands, fought well for a change. Who would not, if he believed that he had a 10-to-1-on chance, the kind of ride upon which even a chalk jockey ought to be able to win. We know what happened!

A Vivid Picture

HERE are some extracts from my fighting friend's very intriguing record of his adventures to date:

"I am in a place just about 8000 ft. up, pleasant and cool, and quite nice country. I've certainly had my share of travelling out here. I have been living in Asmara, have



Enjoying the breakfast at Viceroy's House after the opening meet of the Delhi Hunt are Mr. Archie Dunbar, a whip and a well-known amateur rider, and Mr. Ray West



Cricket Preparations at Eton

Batting practice takes place at the nets. H. M. Chinnery, captain of the Eton Cricket XI., and President of the Eton Society "Pop," in succession to R. T. Pease, who has left, is nearest the camera

Demonstrating a stroke to one of the boys is Andy Ducat, the England and Surrey cricketer, who is coaching at Eton this half. It is hoped that Agar's Plough and Sixpenny are undamaged by recent incendiary bombs which fell in playing fields



The Oxford and Cambridge Women's Lawn-Tennis Teams

The Oxford team which won by 10 matches to 6: (standing) Celia Perks (Godolphin and St. Hilary's), Mary du Putron (Beehive, Bexhill and Somerville), Patricia Sale (Howell's School, Denbigh and Lady Margaret Hall); (sitting) Rosemary Tyrell (Royal School, Bath and St. Hugh's; secretary), Marcia Harvey (Wycombe Abbey and Somerville; captain, a lacrosse, squash and tennis Blue), Catherine Joseph (St. Paul's and St. Hugh's)



The Cambridge team beaten by Oxford on Corpus Christi Courts. Cambridge: (standing) Lucia Winser (Malvern and Newnham), Pamela Fitt (St. George's, Ascot and Newnham), Daphne Portway (Perse School, Cambridge and Newnham); (sitting) Suzette Griffith (Godolphin and Newnham), Ruth Granlund (Sherborne and Newnham, captain, a tennis, squash, hockey and lacrosse Blue), Joy Boyes-Watson (Malvern and Newnham; secretary)



Lady Doreen Hope and Major-General Wilson are Joint-Masters of the Delhi Hounds. Lady Doreen Hope is the youngest of the Viceroy and Lady Linlithgow's three daughters



One very young member of the Delhi Hunt, Miss Patricia Dunbar, came to the meet on her almost white donkey, *Teddy*, accompanied by a sycce



As usual, the opening meet of the Delhi Hunt was a popular one, and there was a large field to celebrate the occasion. This pack was brought to India by Lord Halifax



Tennis at Torquay

Mr. C. J. Graham is a subaltern in the Rifle Brigade, and a member of Queen's Club. During his leave he had a game of squash with Charles Read, the ex-professional squash and lawn-tennis champion, who is now coaching at Torquay since Queen's was the recipient of enemy attention

visited Massawa, and by the time you get this will have seen quite a lot of Abyssinia. Asmara is a very fine town, inclined to be excessively modern in its buildings, and all houses, of course, have modern sanitation, long baths and masses of portraits of Il Re and Il Duce. The town is crammed, as, in addition to its normal population, there are all the refugees who came from Agordat, Keren and the surrounding country. By the time you get this letter I expect Eritrea and Abyssinia will have been forgotten, though perhaps not Libya; but I can see myself being here some time clearing up the mess. As long as I can stay in Asmara, I shan't mind very much, for the climate really is delightful, especially after the Sudan. The rains will be coming before very long, as also will the hot weather, but not nearly as hot as the Sudan; at the moment we have a little rain nearly every day which makes things nice and fresh. I believe that when the real rains come everything has to shut down while the rain is actually on; but I have a very good mackintosh!

Just After the Battle

“THERE is a good thunderstorm on at the moment, and it should do a lot towards washing out the open drains. The Italians

and Eritreans have not got quite the same ideas on sanitation as we have! Fortunately, flies here are few, likewise mosquitoes, and none are malarial. Keren, where I spent a few days after the scrap was finished, was terrible for flies, but big battlefields in rocky areas are bound to be that way, especially immediately after the battle when the “undertakers” haven't finished their work. As regards myself (touch wood) I have never been fitter. Khartum I found rather trying owing to an excess of office work, and when the office thermometer is over 110° that is none too good; but for the last six weeks I have unloaded all the office stuff on to one of my captains, who, poor devil, has to sit in Khartum while I gad about the country all among the shells. Having one's main office 500 miles away is quite a tricky business, but fortunately communications are quite good and even letters don't take very long. You must be having a rotten time and I do wish you were in a more out-of-the-way place. You are much more in the front line than most of us out here. Poor old Coventry and Bristol seem

to have had a really sticky time, but the Hun will get more than he has given all in good time, so long as we don't soften and feel sorry for the swine when we have got him down. This has been quite a gentlemanly war, but that will probably change somewhat when the Huns try their stuff in Libya, not that one or two of the scraps down here were exactly money for jam; the battle for Keren was a very bloody show.”

The dealers in any place where it is hot are always a definite menace, and in a place like the one in which this large-size operation was fought, full of ravines, rocks and so forth, the most necessary job of cleaning up must have been more than usually grim. If, and when, there are any streams about, the danger is naturally greatly accentuated, for the water may be used by people who have no idea of what has fallen into it at some spot higher up.

My correspondent's letter gives a very vivid picture of the kind of fight it was and of some of the obstacles our troops had to overcome.

(Concluded on page 336).



The Prince of Wales' 12th Royal Lancers

Back row: Sec.-Lieuts. D. Robinson, R. J. Beech, L. Rutledge, W. N. Johns Porcell, Lieut. R. V. Jenner, Sec.-Lieuts. R. S. Young, G. I. Churchill, G. C. Harrison, D. Terry, Lieut. the Earl of Inchcape. Centre: the Rev. J. G. MacManaway, Capt. G. W. Johnson, Lieuts. W. H. Mabbott, H. O. M. Bishop, Capt. J. Butler, Lieut. A. J. C. Kennedy, M.C., Sec.-Lieuts. S. M. O'H. Abraham, A. E. W. Henderson, Lieut. E. T. C. Brinton, Capt. R. N. Dowell, R.A.M.C. Front row: Capt. J. E. G. Wormald (Adjutant), Capt. M. S. Barker, Major R. H. Palmer, Major E. O. Burne, Lieut.-Colonel G. B. Clifton Brown, Major J. W. Willis, M.C., Capt. M. E. B. Sparke, Capt. B. M. H. Shand, M.C., Lieut. E. C. Mann, D.S.O. On ground: Sec.-Lieuts. J. Henderson and J. M. Brocklebank

Getting Married

Rowena Keighly-Peach *Yevonie*

Rowena Daphne Keighly-Peach is engaged to Brian Ball-Greene, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Ball-Greene, of West Byfleet. She is the daughter of Admiral and Mrs. C. W. Keighly-Peach, of Imber Cottage, West Byfleet, Surrey. Her brother, Com. Lindsay Keighly-Peach, R.N., was recently awarded the D.S.O.

Anne Hutton-Wilson *Pearl Freeman*

Anne Elizabeth Hutton-Wilson, daughter of Colonel A. H. Hutton-Wilson, of Crawley Lodge, Camberley, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Hutton-Wilson, is to be married to Sec.-Lieut. David Selby Gardner, Inns of Court Regiment, eldest son of the late J. S. Gardner, and Mrs. Gardner, of Chaseley House, Rugeley, Staffs.

Helen Luxmoore-Ball *Lenore*

Helen Luxmoore-Ball, only child of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. E. C. Luxmoore-Ball, of 75, Fellowes Road, N.W.3, is engaged to Lieut.-Com. John Richard Arthur Seymour, R.N., eldest son of the Rev. Richard Seymour, of the Vicarage, Chittlehampton, Devon.



Betty Reeves

Harlip

Betty Reeves is engaged to Captain M. A. ("Tony") Perks, R.A., son of the late Harry Perks, and Mrs. Gerald C. Judd, of Fairlawn, Rustington, Sussex. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Reeves, of Tattenham, Kingston Gorse, Angmering, Sussex



Molly Reeves

Harlip

Molly Reeves announced her engagement to a sailor, Sub-Lieutenant Howard Cragg, R.N.V.R., on the same day as her sister Betty (see left) got engaged to a soldier. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Cragg, of Ham Manor Cottage, Angmering

Peter Waddell and Elizabeth Parkes *Catherine Bell*

Elizabeth ("Bunch") Parkes is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Parkes, of the Manor House, Oaken, near Wolverhampton. Her fiancé is Sec.-Lieut. Peter L. Waddell, Royal Corps of Signals, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Waddell, of Lytham, Lancs.



Wheatley-Smith — Budge

Pilot Officer Thomas Wheatley-Smith, R.A.F., son of Major and Mrs. T. Wheatley-Smith, of Boundary House, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and Anne Budge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Budge, of Bexley Terrace, Wick, were married at Dunblane Cathedral, Perthshire



Uniacke — Wade

Lieut. Michael Uniacke, R.A., youngest son of Major and Mrs. C. D. W. Uniacke, of Whigates, Camberley, Surrey, and Joan Wade, only daughter of Major C. B. Wade, of Greenacre, Banstead, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Wade, were married at All Saints', Banstead



Currall — Chignell

Sec.-Lieut. John E. Steel Currall, R.A., elder son of the late J. Steel Currall, and Mrs. Steel Currall, of Marston Green, and Joan Hamilton Chignell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Chignell, of Russell Tower, Solihull, Warwickshire, were married at Knowle Parish Church



Marcelle Waterkeyn Harlip

Marcelle Waterkeyn is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Georges Waterkeyn, of Erin, Egham, Surrey, and is engaged to Lieut. Raoul Grant de Longuevil, eldest son of Baron and Baroness de Longuevil, of Chiberta, Virginia Water, Surrey. His mother was formerly Miss Bowes-Lyon and is a cousin of the Queen



Peggy Thornton

Peggy Spencer Thornton, twin daughter of Spencer R. Thornton, of Cranbourne Corner, near Ascot, Berks., is engaged to Michael Stewart, Welsh Guards, son of the late Lieut.-Col. W. R. Stewart, and Mrs. J. A. D. Bell, of Cedar Court, Alderton, Woodbridge, Suffolk



Gillian Dearmer Harlip

Junior Commander Gillian Dearmer, A.T.S., is engaged to Sub-Lieut. Richard Graham Addis, R.N.V.R., youngest son of Sir Charles and Lady Addis, of Woodside, Frant, Sussex. She is the daughter of the late Percy Dearmer, and Mrs. Dearmer, of 48, Jubilee Place, S.W.3



Scott-Noble—Dickson

Captain James R. Scott-Noble, M.C., K.O.S.B., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Scott-Noble, of Borthwickbras, Hawick, Roxburghshire, and Diana Dickson, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. G. B. Dickson, of the Crossways, Woodspeen, Newbury, Berks., were married at St. Nicholas', Newbury. A piper of the bridegroom's regiment played them out of church



Galbraith—Feilden

Lieut.-Colonel J. W. S. Galbraith, 11th Hussars, and Priscilla Feilden, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Guy Feilden, of Cokethorpe, Witney, Oxon, and a niece of Viscount Hampden, were married at St. Bartholomew's, Ducklington. He is the son of the late C. E. Galbraith, and Mrs. Galbraith, of the Barony, Dumfries



Massey—Byrne

A recent wedding in Delhi was that of Capt. Patrick Massey, Hodson's Horse, and Lee Byrne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Byrne, of Toorak, Melbourne. He is the son of the late Major G. W. H. Massey, and Mrs. J. P. Duke. The page in Bengal Lancer uniform is Anthony Poole, son of Major Poole, 6th D.C.O. Lancers, who gave the bride away

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Before and After

Now in my young days. . . . It is the persistent preamble to nostalgic reminiscence; the overture to "all our yesterdays"; the anecdotalist's alert. Not even the comparison between the modern girl and her predecessor—unfailing journalistic stooge—invites such energetic and illuminating comparisons between then and now as aviation.

Now in my young days we had no parachutes in our Nieuports. . . .

Now in my young days we had no radio aids to navigation; we had to find our own way without help from the ground. . . .

What is the answer to this ancient and modern antiphon?

Recently I held a discussion with a Royal Air Force officer who has been flying for a great many years, and in a great many countries and who is also a radio expert. His start in practical aviation, however, was a good time after my own and he is far the younger man. The discussion became sufficiently intense for some useful points to emerge.



Air-Raid Casualty

When Air Commodore Patrick Huskinson left the nursing home where he had been since he was blinded by a bomb explosion during an April raid, he said, "Tell them I'll be back at my desk in a fortnight." It was known by then that the Director of Armament Development would recover his sight. Air Commodore Huskinson, one of Lord Beaverbrook's "back-room boys," and a designer of "beautiful bombs," is a brother of Mr. Edward Huskinson, editor of "The Tatler" from 1908 to 1940.

Weighing-in

LET us look both ways—forward and back—let us look at the Spad and the Typhoon; the Morane and the Tornado; the Triplane and the Whirlwind; the S.E.5 and the Spitfire; the Camel and the Hurricane; the D.H.9 and the Wellington; the D.H.2 and the Martlet; the Vimy and the Stirling.

Let us mark it up and see how the score goes in a contest of difficulty. Was it more difficult to fly "in my young days" than it is now? Who accomplishes the more trying and tricky task, the pilot of 1941 or the pilot of 1914?

First in mechanical trustworthiness the old aircraft were the more difficult. Few people got through 100 hours without at least one forced landing in my young days. I had three. The pilots of to-day just do not know what engine failure means; whereas in my young days we did not know what engine reliability meant.

Then the aircraft themselves were less trustworthy. Controls went wrong, instruments went phut. Undercarriage wheels—perhaps foreseeing the antics which their successors would be compelled to perform in the processes of retraction—would incontinently drop off. But though everything that could go wrong did go wrong in my young days, we could not bale out. The pilot had to stick to his ship and go down with it.

The pilots of that earlier period did always face the added difficulty of compensating by their own skill for the deficiencies of the machinery. So five difficulty marks go to the old days.

Then there was, in my young days, the lower speed of the aircraft and its instability on the ground in high winds, brought about by its low wing-loading. The low speed demanded greater accuracy in assessing drift when flying across country. The low wing-loading demanded extreme care in taxiing, taking off and landing in high winds. Five more marks to the old days.

No radio: another five marks to the old days. Inferior stability and poorly balanced controls. The Camel turned and spun to the right in a manner totally different from the left. Five more marks for the old days: total 20.

Troubles To-day

THE modern aeroplane is much more complicated. It has a constant-speed air-screw, wing flaps and a retractable undercarriage. Ten difficulty marks to the new machine at the outset. Then map-reading in low visibility is much more difficult owing to the much higher speed of the modern type. Five marks.

Side-slip landings are generally impracticable and the landing and taking-off runs are long. Five marks. Result: Old Days: 20; Modern Times: 20. A draw. And that, as I see it, is about the truth. Flying to-day is neither more difficult nor is it easier than it used to be. There are increased difficulties, and there are also increased facilities. The result seems to me to balance out.



Engaged Couple

Pilot-Officer John Charles Cunningham, R.A.F.V.R., and Miss Lorna Blyth Robertson have recently announced their engagement. He is the elder son of Sir Charles Cunningham, formerly Inspector-General of Police, Madras Presidency, and Lady Cunningham, of Great Bookham, Surrey. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Robertson, of the Barn, Effingham, Surrey

The chief thing to note is that the vastly increased speeds of the modern machines are more than compensated for by their vastly increased trustworthiness and their improved handling qualities. In short, the skill required of a pilot in my young days was about the same, no more and no less, as it is to-day.

Dress or Depress

BACK, now, to the battle of the bombs. Visiting a much-bombed area the other day, I noticed that the section of the population which regularly took shelter in some underground shelters nearby could be differentiated from the section that stayed in bed and risked it by their clothes.

Shelter life, it is certain, does tend to destroy dress-consciousness. That effect might be serious, because the first step in a person's demoralisation is usually a disregard for dress.

Those trousered terrors whom one sees among the female shelter population are regrettable. The numerous authorities who are charged with maintaining the public morale are too inadequately informed psychologically to make any useful contribution to the subject. For in this as in other things knowledge and study are needed before useful action can be taken.

Personal appearance is often the outward indication of the state of a man or a woman's morale. That is partly why the Services have to insist on high standards of personal smartness, for the dress reacts on the man as the man on the dress.

With women personal appearance is an even surer indication of morale. (And to avoid misunderstanding let us have the "e" on the end.) And if they maintain their smartness they give a general helping hand to everybody else to do the same. It is a point our superficial stimulators have not so much as noticed yet. For this reason it is more important to devote shipping space to lip-sticks than to cigarettes.



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Stories From Everywhere

A DOCTOR, in want of a strong lad, advertised, and being a ventriloquist, adopted the following grim ruse to test the nerves of applicants:

The first he sent with a basin of hot gruel to feed a skeleton he had in a dark cupboard.

During the process of feeding, the skeleton observed in sepulchral tones: "It's deuced hot."

The boy's hair stood on end. He dropped the basin and fled in terror.

The second applicant, a small, shock-haired lad, had to go through the same ordeal; but when the skeleton made his remark, he replied unconcernedly: "I could have told you that. Blow on it, you fool!"

He got the job.

"As for myself," she declared, "when I shop I always ask for what I want, and if they have it and it pleases me, and I feel an inclination to buy it, and it is cheap enough, and I have the money, and one cannot buy it anywhere else, I nearly always buy it without the haggling and arguing during the whole day which other persons do."

A HARD-DRIVING taxi-driver ignored a red light, threatened a policeman's knees, missed the street island by a hair, grazed a bus, all in one dash.

The policeman hailed him, then strolled over to the taxi, pulling a handkerchief from his pocket en route.

"Listen, cowboy," he growled, "on the way back I'll drop this, and you see if you can pick it up with your teeth."

Two rather haughty young air-men were exchanging names in the canteen.

"Mine," said the first, "is Smith-Smith, with a hyphen."

"And mine," said the second, "is Smythe, spelt with a 'y.'" Then he turned to a perky little Cockney who was munching a huge sandwich, "And yours?" he asked.

The Cockney gulped down a large piece of bread.

"Oh, just plain Smiff," he replied, "with a double 'f'!"

THE soldier sat down in the restaurant. When the waitress approached his table, he said: "Bring me some cold porridge. Burn some toast to a cinder. Fry two bad eggs and serve them on a dirty plate. Make the coffee so that it tastes like mud, and bring it in a cracked cup."

The waitress stared at him and then asked: "Will there be anything more you want?"

"Yes," said the soldier. "Then sit down and nag me. I'm homesick."

THE captain of an Atlantic liner was being pestered by a woman passenger who kept asking him what were the possibilities of seeing a whale.

"Don't forget to let me know as soon as one appears," she reminded him for about the tenth time.

"But, madam," asked the harassed skipper, "why are you so eager to see a whale?"

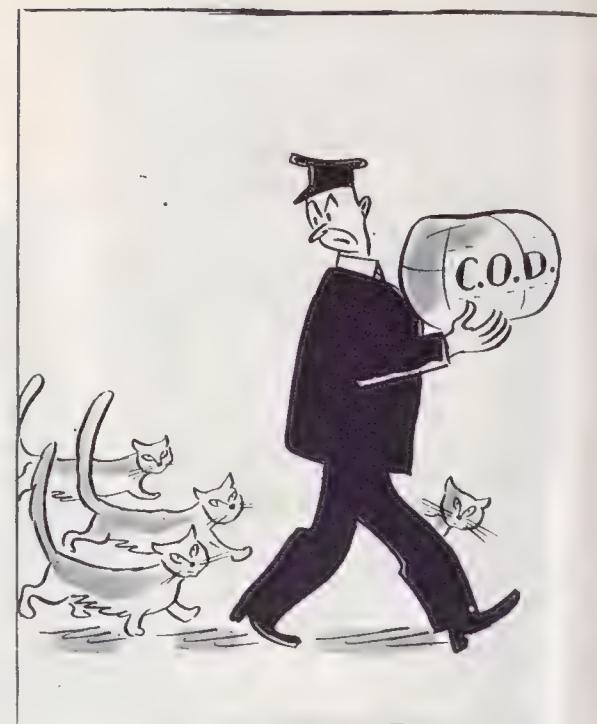
"It's the greatest desire of my life to see a whale blubber," she told him. "I think it must be so impressive to watch such an enormous creature crying."

THE raid had been a severe one and one of the victims was a baker, whose shop had been burnt out by an incendiary bomb.

The baker's wife was getting supper ready, knowing nothing of the damage to the business, when a neighbour dashed in with the news. The neighbour looked at the supper table, and said:

"If I were you, I wouldn't put much bread on the table. It might upset your poor husband after his trying time."

"I hadn't thought of that," confessed the baker's wife. Then she brightened: "I know what I'll do. I'll make some nice toast."



"Can't you see the full stops?"

THE passenger had been a positive curse to the porter, asking silly questions by the dozen. As a train pulled up to the platform she asked:

"Porter, is that my train?"

"No, madam," was the reply, "it belongs to the railway company."

"Don't be insolent!" snapped the passenger. "I want to know if I have to take that train to London."

"You needn't do that, madam," replied the porter, "that's what we've got the engine for."

THE car was a thing unheard of to a mountaineer in an unfrequented community, and he was astonished one day when he saw one go by without any visible means of locomotion. His eyes bulged, however, when a motor-cycle followed closely in its wake and disappeared like a flash round a bend in the road.

"Great guns!" he cried, turning to his son. "Who'd a supposed that thing had a colt?"

A VERY raw recruit had been appointed camp cook. He did his best, but it wasn't very good. Getting dinner ready in a hurry, he made some soup in the same boiler he'd used for the breakfast tea.

When he went into the mess-room, he announced:

"Hi, chaps! If you find any tea-leaves in the soup, you'll know it's mint."

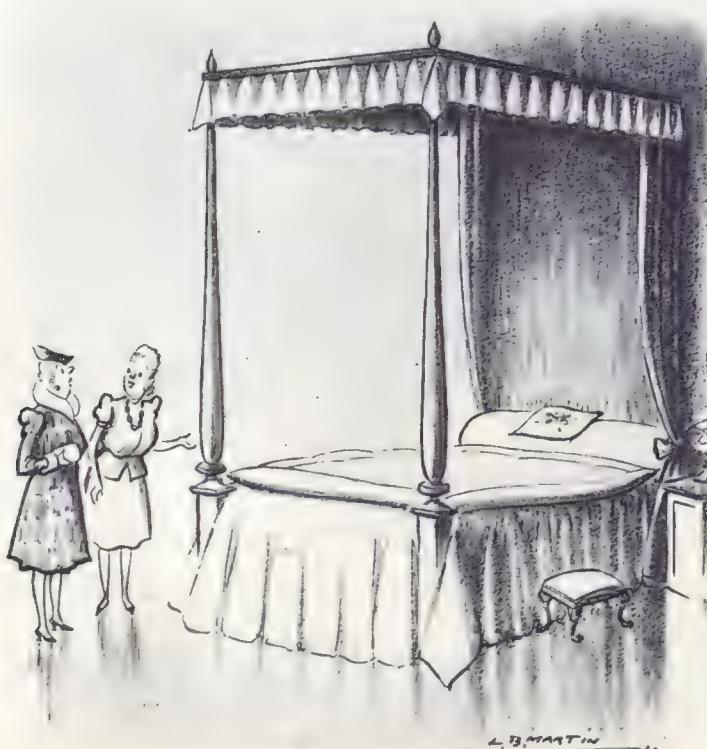
"It's not safe for British submarines in the Mediterranean now," remarked the first Italian.

"How do you make that out?" asked the second.

"Well, our Battle Fleet is at the bottom waiting for them!"

THE new member of the harbour board was attending his first meeting. The board was discussing a proposal to place two buoys at the entrance to the harbour for the guidance of mariners.

"I beg to propose as an amendment," said the new member, "that one man should be placed there instead of two boys, as the latter are too young for such a responsible position."



"My husband picked it up cheap—such a blessing when the ceiling comes down"

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The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. BROOKE



Bernella shirt blouses and their comrades, sports frocks, are excellent stand-bys, as there is an infinite number of occasions when they may be worn. They wear and wash exceedingly well. They are designed and carried out by J. Cowen and Company, 1 Berners Street, W.1, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent. They are crisp and cool. The model on the left above is finished with tucks and crystal buttons, short sleeves and flat collar. The other is of fancy striped piqué voile, a material that has the power of avoiding the dirt — such an advantage



Too much cannot be said in favour of the Bernella sports frocks; they represent the acme of simplicity. They can be stowed away in the corner of a suitcase without becoming crushed; many are of linen, while others are of fancy fabrics. The pinafore frocks can be worn with contrasting blouses, and there are tub frocks. For chilly days dresses of all-wool worsted and light wool angora must be considered. Then a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that the needs of the older woman have been as carefully considered as those of the younger



Grosgrain has been used by Harrods, Knightsbridge, for this graceful house-coat, which may be slipped on in the fraction of a second. It may be had in many colour schemes for eight guineas. A success of the season, of which there are only a limited number, are the Indian cotton wrap-over house-coats for a pound. They strike such a gay note; as a matter of fact, they are a mental stimulation. A new note is introduced by the long, plain skirts for wearing with decorative blouses. Some of the latter are trimmed with sequins, others with embroidery and lace. All monotony is banished in their fashioning

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Youthful Dinner Gown in smooth crepe, with delicate bead embroidery on the shoulders. Duck-egg, green, blue, and black. Hip sizes 38 to 44 in. **7½ gns.**

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Crepe Dinner Gown, sprinkled on the bodice with toning sequin and bead embroidery. Duck-egg, black, dusky pink, nattier blue. Hip sizes 42 to 46 in. **13½ gns.**
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Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from page 327)

Another Racing Puzzle

IN the Newmarket Stakes (May 14) at level weights, Mr. J. V. Rank's Orthodox beat the Duke of Westminster's Sunny Island, who is presumably His Grace's second string, by a short head (for which a handicapper might allow a pound, though I do not think he would in this case) over 1½ miles; on April 17 over the 7 furlongs of the Free Handicap, Orthodox 8 st. 3 lb. beat Firle (a filly) 8 st. 6 lb. and the Duke of Westminster's Lambert Simnel 8 st. 12 lb. two lengths and a head, say, 7 lb. Lambert Simnel was giving 9 lb. to the winner and was all out at the finish. Starwort was third in the Newmarket Stakes only a neck behind Sunny Island. And they now say that Orthodox has no chance of winning the Derby. Why so? Even if we put the 7-furlong Free Handicap form on one side, does not this 1½ mile form say something? The 9 lb. Orthodox was getting from Lambert Simnel in the Free Handicap just about cancels out by the beating he gave the Duke's first string. Lambert Simnel has won the Guineas by the comfortable margin of 2 lengths from the consistent Morogoro, the only grey in the race, with the much-boosted Sun Castle 1½ lengths behind Morogoro and 3½ lengths behind Lambert Simnel. It was a good field and included Owen Tudor, the Column Stakes (1 mile) winner, and Selim Hassan, the Southern Plate (1 mile) winner, so I do not think that even if a bit of luck did come Lambert Simnel's way, we ought to join the camp of those, who, no sooner does a horse, or a man for that matter, do anything good, at once start out to prove that it was not as good as all that.



Governors of Sind—Past and Present

H. E. Sir Lancelot Graham, the retiring Governor of Sind, went to Karachi Railway Station to greet the new Governor, Sir Hugh Dow, and his wife, on their arrival from New Delhi. He introduced his successor to many prominent officials including members of the Sind Cabinet. Sir Hugh Dow has already been connected with Sind, was Chairman of the Sind Administrative Committee in 1933-34, and for the past five years has been Secretary of the Commerce Department of the Government of India

To hark back, why should not Orthodox, who did not get a clear run in the Two Thousand, have some kind of a winning chance in the Derby

if we can take the Duke of Westminster's two colts as any kind of foundation upon which to build? At the moment I do not understand either Selim Hassan or Owen Tudor: that they are both good colts I am certain. It is all so amusingly perplexing that it almost makes you forget Herr Rudy Hess and his boy friend Hitler.

Racing Times

LINKLATER'S 58½ sec. win over the 5 furlongs of the Chesterfield Course at Newmarket with 9 st. on his back, is, of course, a good gallop—anything under a minute is, over any course, but, after all, it is only a course record, and racing times in this land of variable climate are always apt to be misleading. In America, Australia and India they have a greater right to believe in the stop-watch than we have, because the surfaces over which they race are more constant. Here they are not constant, and even in the countries just named it is necessary, when assessing the merit of individual performances against the clock, that the conditions must be absolutely identical. Wind pressure, state of the racing surface, weight, and another very important condition, non-interference, must be the same: otherwise the test is more or less valueless. Again, in Australia and in India the timing arrangements are different and better than ours. There the action by which the starter releases the gate sets a stop-clock going in the judge's box, and, as the winner passes the post, the timekeeper, present with the judge in the box, presses a button. Absolute accuracy is thus assured. For any time record to be of value the conditions under which it is put up must obviously be the same and this of course applies not only to racing horses. A would not make as good time if he had a ten-knot wind dead ahead as B would if he had the same wind dead astern!

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Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

HERE, at long last, is a spring day. Out of the train window I have just seen some folk sitting out in deck chairs, and felt envious of them, instead of breathing "rather they than I," as I have this many a time lately on passing the early set of tennis played by females in white duck shorts. Of course, golfers as a race, are very wedded to the warmer variety of clothes, perhaps with wisdom when you reflect how bracing is the air of St. Andrews, Hunstanton, Seacroft, Westward Ho, Sandwich and many another delectable spot.

Well do I remember getting one of the shocks of my young golfing life at my first open championship. The month was May, with its usual rigours; the place St. Andrews; on a clear day you will still see a suspicion of snow on the most distant hills to the north. There were, moreover, the traditions of the game at its birthplace to be considered. I, myself, had expended the greatest care and forethought on choosing a good man's Lovat mixture tweed as a coat and skirt suitable to the occasion. Imagine the surprise when the small American invasion of the year turned out in immaculate white drill from head to foot. I have forgotten their names, or how they fared in the championship; all that can be recalled now is their clothes.

WEATHER has always been one of our allies in repelling invasions from U.S.A., just as it has been theirs when we try unsuccessfully to wrest the Curtis Cup from them in their own country.

How cruelly the wind blew and the rain rained in 1921 when Mrs. Fraser (Alexa Stirling) came to Turnberry and had those unaccustomed conditions to battle with, as well as Miss Cecil Leitch's brilliance. Mrs. Fraser was one of the most knowledgeable and accomplished golfers that ever crossed the Atlantic, and a good many critics thought that, if that historic encounter had not come in the first round, the cup might conceivably have taken an ocean voyage.

At Hunstanton in 1927 it was the same story: Mrs. Vare (Glenna Collett) had the most bitter of winds sweeping in off the Wash and Miss Mabel Wragg showed what a fighting tyke can do in half a gale, even though light physique and glasses suggested the reverse. Miss Collett on that occasion, in spite of as many extra woollies as kind friends and Sherlock's shop could produce, looked just about as cold and miserable a golfer as it was possible to imagine; even the most British of hearts ached for her.

IT is queer, when you come to think of it, that our women's championship has never gone to America (Mrs. Campbell Hurd was a Scottish golfer and resident in Canada then) but has twice gone to France. Queer, because American golfers are many, and have constantly invaded us in force, whether you reckon them by skill or by numbers.

France, on the other hand, has few golfers, yet Madame Robert de la Chaume won our championship as Manette le Blan, and Madame René Lacoste followed suit as Simone de la Chaume and still in her teens. Could the fact that both these followed the English fashion of tweeds and wool—only cut and put on just a little better than the majority of us have the flair for doing—be held responsible in any measure? A far-fetched idea, but not altogether to be dismissed, golf being the strange, incalculable game that it is.

I SUPPOSE the American bid for our title was pretty formidable in the earliest years of this century at Cromer, before my championship days. The nearest thing I ever saw myself was in the 1929 championship, when Miss Glenna Collett stood five up at the end of nine holes, two up at lunch time, down for the first time in the afternoon and eventually lost three and one.

Lady Heathcoat Amory, as she works the clock round in her husband's factory, must surely look back on that recovery and win as one of the most satisfying moments of all those years when Joyce Wethered was a name without peer. It was not that Miss Collett cracked. In the morning she had played with inspiration above praise, holing putts that made all the wiles of the old course greens seem mere childishness. She was round in the morning in 75: Miss Wethered took the last seventeen holes

in 73 and the thirty-five holes in 150. It was a battle of giants, well worth the winner's brief re-appearance in championship golf to do it.

How the crowds ran, and pushed, and agonised, and shouted! Having myself fallen well and truly off a horse a few evenings before, the running might be a bit of a difficulty, but that did not prevent my doing the other two; no final had been so worth struggling to see since the 1925 at Troon when it had taken Miss Wethered seven and thirty long holes to dispose of the indomitable Miss Leitch.

RECALLING how painfully I hobbled round St. Andrews that year recalls the infinitely more painful hobblings of poor Miss Rosamund Sherwood nine years earlier, when she had spiked a foot on an iron railing at Newcastle, Co. Down. But her misfortunes, so cheerily taken, were only one reason amongst many others, why the whole golfing community took her to their hearts.

She was never lucky—or was she?—on this side of the Atlantic, for when she went to Le Touquet the aeroplane in which she flew crashed, and she narrowly escaped drowning, burning or mutilation.

Not all the golfers who listened enchanted to her piano playing, or longed to see the portraits she painted, realised how famous the family were to become through the brother, Robert Sherwood, dramatist, broadcaster, journalist and wise patriot.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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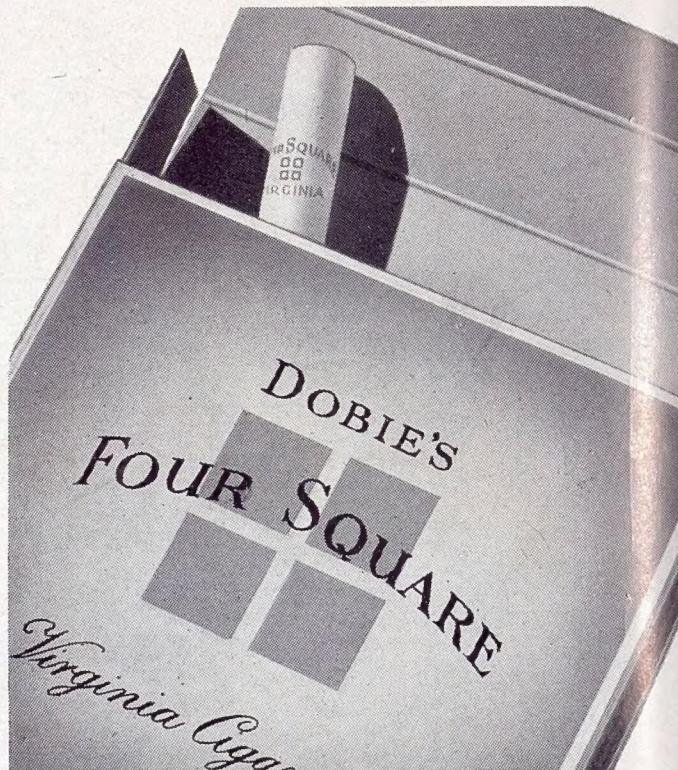
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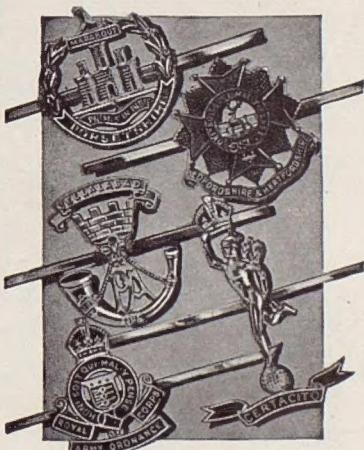
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